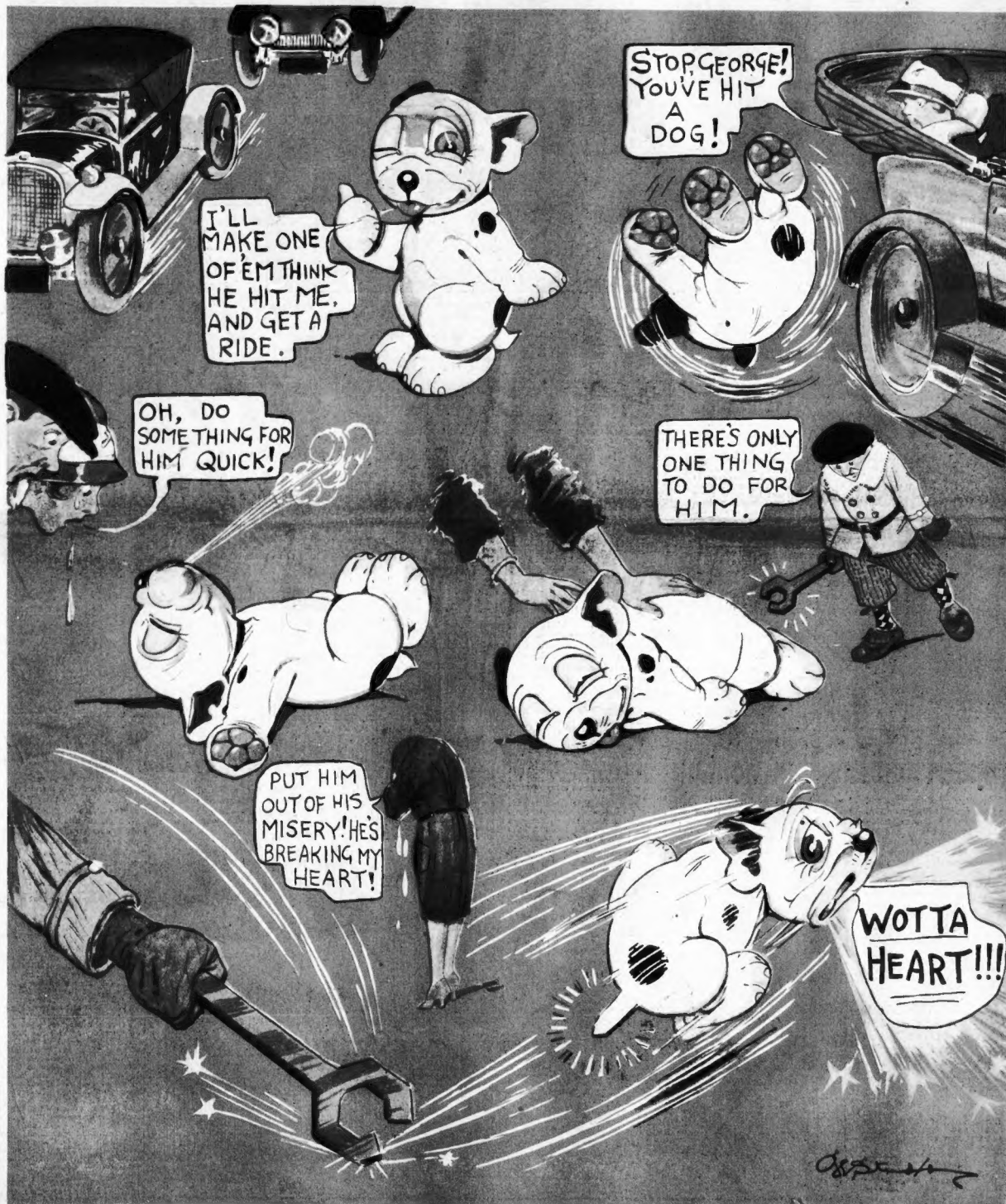


THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

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Sunday, August 14, 1932

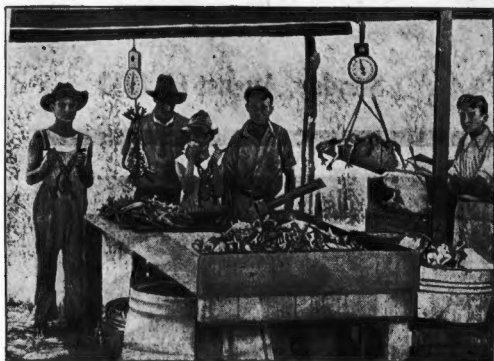


"A Dog's Life!" By the Distinguished English Artist,
G. E. STUDDY.

New Adventures of the Famous "Bonz"

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Caught a Million Frogs in a Year



The Cleaning Shed, Where the Frog Spends His Last Days. His Head Is Chopped Off and After the Cleaning Operations the Legs Are Severed, Too. These Are Packed in Ice and Shipped to the Market.

FARMERS and hunters are picking up thousands of dollars every year on the shores of Florida's lakes and ponds and in the marshlands of the State. Of course, they are not finding actual dollars in their nocturnal visits to these places, but

they are finding bullfrogs which can be sold for dollars in a score of profitable markets.

Last year the Florida frog stalkers caught and sold more than a million spotted hoppers, the muscular hind legs of which are considered a great delicacy by epicures all over the country. So active and numerous did the frog hunters become, and so profitable was their work, that the State Department of Agriculture issued a booklet explaining just how, when and where to capture the croakers.

The champion frog catcher of the last year set up a record which gives a good idea of how thick bullfrogs are in Florida. In a single night's work he bagged 168 pounds of the creatures—several pounds more than his own weight. Four men, who had formed a sort of frogging syndicate, caught 1,600 pounds of live frog meat in four nights' effort. That their labors were

highly profitable can be appreciated when it is known that the market price, at the time of these record catches, was 13 cents a pound.

Frogging is a business that has to be done at night, and the darker the night the better for those who are combing the shores of the lakes, ponds, streams and swamps where the big fellows are singing. Business drops off sharply on bright, moonlit nights, for the frogs are wary creatures and they duck for cover when they see human beings invading their territory. A pitch-black night, just after a heavy rain, is an ideal time to go frog-hunting.

An essential item in the frog hunter's equipment is a headlight, which usually is worn on the can. The bright beams from these lights not only enable the stalker to see his quarry, but they also blind the frogs and make it easy to capture them.

Some of the hunters use a contraption much like a fly swatter fastened to the end of a long pole. When they see the lumpy head and great, bulging

eyes of a bullfrog they strike quickly with this long-handled swatter, stunning the creature. This is a good method, because the frog seldom is killed and he is taken back home alive and kicking. But it is almost impossible to use the swatter in thick grass, so most of the hunters depend on a hook-like gig on the end of a long pole. When a hunter sees the shine of a bullfrog's eyes in the beam of his headlight he strikes quickly. A skilful hunter can throw the gig into the web-foot of a frog with uncanny skill and deadly accuracy. An animal thus captured is uninjured and neither his body nor his valuable legs are marred.

That is very important—not to bruise or cut the legs, which must be in prime condition to bring the highest price on the market. That's why shooting the frogs with rifles—which is the method of a few hunters—is impractical, because the likelihood of putting the bullet into the legs is great. At the end of each night's hunting

the catch is taken to a cleaning shed, where the heads of the frogs are cut off, sometimes with a knife, but usually with a sharp hatchet. Some buyers prefer the body with the legs and others want the legs only. Certain buyers want their frogs skinned and others insist that the skin be left on so that they can be sure that they are getting the kind of frogs that find a ready sale among consumers.

A few of the dealers buy only live frogs. These have to be packed

A Typical Marsh Frog of Florida, Which Provides Hunters With a Thriving Business. The Legs of the Creature Are in Great Demand All Over the Country.

in ice and shipped in boxes and barrels. When the frogs arrive at their destination they are thawed out and seen none the worse for a severe chilling. New York City eats about 30 million pairs of frogs' legs annually. Chicago demands another 20 million pairs. The Florida frog hunters are going after as much of this profitable trade as they can get.

A Group of Florida Frog Hunters Wearing the Blinding Headlights Which Attract the Frogs. Gigs Are Fastened to the Long Poles for Capturing the Prey.



Anna Ondra, European Movie Actress, Who Has Been Engaged to Famous Men—but Married to None.

Europe's Most Engaged Woman

EVERY pretty star of the stage and the films occasionally gets offers of marriage by impressionable males smitten by her beauty and her charm, but the distinction of being the most engaging young woman in Europe seems to fall on the shapely shoulders of Fraulein Anna Ondra, an exceptionally comely German.

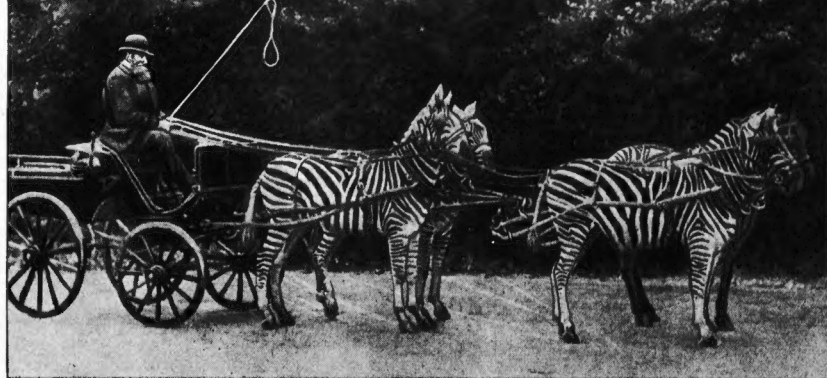
Within the past three years she has been reported on the way to the altar no less than 38 times. Anna admits that a few of these rumored engagements were nothing more than whimsies which someone suffered when she was seen in the company of masculine celebrities. But now and then the actress would imagine that she was really in love and, to use an old term, she "kept company" with ardent admirers. Something always happened before the time came to slip on the bridal veil and Anna would make emphatic statements that her one and true love is the stage.

Among the real and rumored suitors for the hand of the charming stage and screen star was a young Austrian archduke who showered her with expensive gifts and whose high-powered motor car was parked outside the stage door almost every night for a month. This scion of nobility was replaced by a French banker who established a temporary residence in the German capital although he had important business in Paris and spent much of his valuable time commuting by plane from France to Germany.

The banker, it seems, was discarded for an American motion picture producer who, for all his ardent admiration of the popular Fraulein, was replaced by a rich and reserved member of the London Stock Exchange. The broker disappeared from Berlin about the time the papers were headlining the news that Anna was to become the bride of Max Schmeling, heavyweight

boxing champion of the world. But that romance, if it ever existed, went the way of the others and Europe's most engaged young woman is, so she says, footloose and heart-free.

It is rumored that the thousands of bird specimens, many of them rare species which seldom are seen outside their natural habitats, have been acquired by an American



The Favorite Team of Trained Zebras of Lord Rothschild. The Financier Made a Holy Year Ago Collecting Picturesque Dead, Are Now Stuffed Exhibits in the Rothschild Zoological Museum. A Few Weeks Ago It Was Reported That Lord Rothschild Had Sold the Collection to an American Museum.

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Lord Rothschild's Team of Zebras

LONDON.

WHETHER England's supposedly immensely wealthy Lord Rothschild has found it necessary to cash in certain of his assets is a matter that only he himself can explain, but the rumor that he is finding it necessary to dispose of some of his property is given considerable credence by his recent decision to dispose of the thousands of stuffed specimens of birds and animals in his private zoological museum at Tring.

One of the most interesting exhibits in the museum is the quartet of zebras which once pulled the Rothschild carriage through the spacious park of the estate of Tring and at many a fashionable racing meet. The animal, shown in the photograph died some years ago, but their striped carcasses were stuffed by an expert taxidermist and given a prominent place among strange and numerous array of birds and beasts.

It is rumored that the thousands of bird specimens, many of them rare species which seldom are seen outside their natural habitats, have been acquired by an American

museum and that the job of crating and shipping the valuable objects already is under way. Whether the Rothschild zebras are included in the reported sale is not known, but they, too, may be shipped overseas and set up in some American natural history collection.

At the time the photograph of the zebra was taken, one of the animals was dead and his hide, cleverly stretched over a framework and filled with padding, stood in one of the rooms of the museum waiting for his striped partners to come to the end of their earthly days and take their place beside him. The departed zebra's place was taken by a curiously marked horse, an animal with a cream-colored body, black legs and a black head.

Several years ago the furred and feathered specimens in Lord Rothschild's museum were estimated to be worth about \$500,000. What they are worth today and what price was paid for them has not been revealed, but it is believed that he would not part with his acquisitions for less than a quarter of a million dollars.

Virginia Tobin, the Only Woman Engaged in Panning Gold in the Lonely Canyons of Southern California.

A Real Gold-Digger

AMONG the ambitious young women of this country there are gold diggers—and gold diggers. Some of them do their prospecting in the man-made canyons of New York

City and others—like the girl shown in the photograph—go after gold in the manner of the Forty-niners.

Virginia Tobin is a real gold digger and she does her digging in the sandy river bed of San Gabriel Canyon, in Southern California. She isn't making much money, because the precious metal in that part of the country doesn't come in nuggets; it is to be found in grain-like flakes which have to be patiently and laboriously washed from the sand. The little grains are so few and far between that prospectors in San Gabriel Canyon seldom make more than \$2.50 in a busy, 10-hour day.

But this gold digger doesn't care. She's having a lot of fun and she's finding the work, out in the open, pleasant and healthy. She went in for gold digging when the depression robbed her of her good job on the editorial staff of a newspaper.

When she arrived at what she jokingly calls her "Eldorado," she found that several other people out of work had thought of the same interesting idea for getting out in the fresh air and keeping the proverbial wolf from the door. She parked her second-hand automobile on the edge of the river bed and picked up a few of the shrunken gold-seeking business men, students and laborers. They welcomed her to the colony and warned her that she'd have to work hard if she hoped to make even a modest living.

"At first," says Miss Tobin, "I found the work much harder than I expected. I had to be up at dawn, pick up my gold digging and could soon pan for the precious stuff with the hardest of my fellow prospectors. One day I washed what seemed like tons of sand and made a pick-up of more than four dollars' worth of the glistening grains."

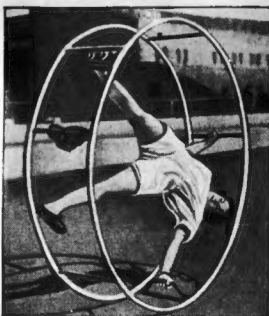
FOR NEWS

**Ingenious Young Married Couple in England
Invents a "Perpetual Honeymoon"
Scheme Which Seems to Work Out
Nicely With No Family Jars, Contro-
versies or Unhappi-
ness**

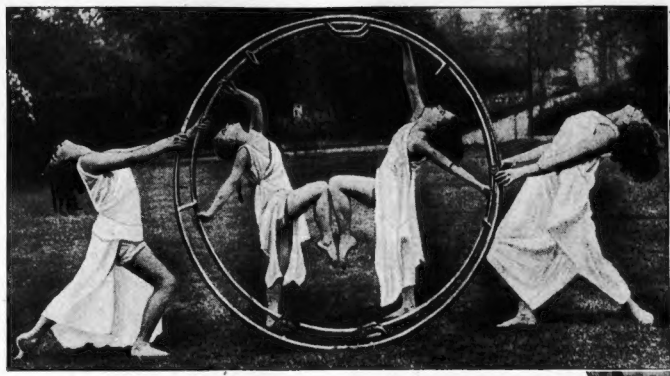
Unhappiness



Dancing in Wheels for Health and Grace



Where There's a Wheel, There's a Way to Exercise. The Pupils of Crouch End High School, London, Believe, and This Is How They Work Out With the New Health Wheels.



Interpretive Dancing Is the Newest Form of Exercise With the Wheels Which the Education Department Has Supplied for the Pupils, Who Use the New Devices in Many of Their Campus Tableaux.

LONDON.

ENGLAND is a nation of sportsmen and sports-women. The boys and men play cricket and row and ride to hounds. The women ride, too, and go in for a great deal of walking. But until recent years the British have been a bit slow in taking up new forms of athletic diversion.

There is a tendency on the part of the younger generation to add to the list of sports which are traditional in the British Empire. All English boys who are physically able play cricket, but here and there you will find some of them trying their hands at the American game of baseball. Games which are typically German and French are finding increasing favor in England. In a word, the British seem to be getting more and more international-minded in their attitude toward sport.

Perhaps the most striking example of this attitude is to be found among the pupils of London's Crouch End High school, who are taking up, in a serious way, the so-called "New Wheel," invented by a German five years ago.

Thousands of German men and women exercise on the huge wheels and an elaborate and difficult series of stunts has been evolved for advanced operators of the things. The Teutons use the wheels as reducing machines.

They race on them. Groups of athletes perform graceful evolutions on them.

The athletic instructor of Crouch End High School chanced to see some of these wheels in Germany. He worked one of the things himself and glimpsed the possibilities of Herr Roehn's invention for building bodily health and especially for developing grace.

When he returned to London he talked the matter over with the dancing teacher of the school and with the school authorities. They were all for the idea and several of the wheels were ordered. Within a fortnight half the girls in the school were rolling around the athletic field, trying to outdo themselves by turning end over end.

Confidence and skill came with practice and soon the girls were maneuvering with the big hoops as

cleverly and as enthusiastically as German youngsters. Within a month they were ready to begin a carefully mapped out course of exercises and dance movements devised by the athletic instructor and the dancing teacher. The purpose of the course was to build bodily strength and to help the pupils acquire grace.

The first part of the course consisted of a series of exercises intended to improve the general physique. These were mostly simple rolling movements in which the pupil was called upon to bring her arms and her legs into action. As she developed, other and more difficult movements were added for strengthening the chest and the back and for hardening the muscles of the abdomen.

Once the class was in good physical shape, the real work of the course began—the teaching of rhythmic dance movements.

At the beginning of class a dozen of the wheels would be placed in a row and a girl would take her place in each of the huge hoops. Then the school orchestra would strike up a waltz and the strange dance would begin.

"Ready, roll," the teacher would say. "One, two, three. Stop. Now the other way. One, two, three. Stop."

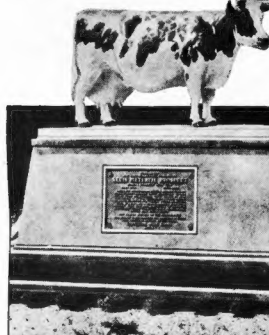
A Duo of Nature Dancers Experimenting With "Figures" and Familiarizing Themselves With the Technique of Operating One of the Huge Hoops.

The girls soon got so capable that they could perform these simple movements with the precision of a professional ballet and they went on to more difficult figures. Sometimes they would lean to the right or the left and slide the big wheels partly on their circular sides to roll in the manner of a slowly spinning coin. Then they would pull them upright again and go on with their hoop-like trips back and forth across the field.

Several bigger fifteen wheels were ordered—wheels too big for one person to operate and equipped with hand and foot grips for two persons. Two of the photographs at the top of the page show these wheels being used by two of the more expert pupils.

Every one of the "rollers" in the London school has noticeably improved in health and in bodily carriage since the German sport was introduced as a part of the sports curriculum. Girls who were thin and awkward have put on weight and acquired grace and other girls who were inclined to stoutness have taken off pounds of surplus flesh.

Once in a while the boys are allowed to try their hand at what they call "hooping" and they are asking the school authorities to let them in on the new sport.



The Monument Perpetuating the Likeness of Segis Pieteriet Prospect, the World's Champion Milk Cow. Born in 1921—Died in 1925, Erected on a Farm Near Seattle, Washington.

Monument to Champion Cow

ON the acres of a dairy farm on the outskirts of Seattle, Washington, stands one of the most unusual monuments in the world—a larger-than-life-size statue of Segis Pieteriet Prospect, a pure-bred Holstein cow that died in 1925.

It may seem strange, and a little silly, to the average person to preserve a sculptured likeness of a cow, but Segis was no ordinary barnyard hoag. Twice during her life she broke the world's record for milk and butter production, and the figures of these records show that the cow was unbelievably productive. In each of her two big years she upped her owners with more than 16,000 quarts of milk and 1,400 pounds of butter. Her two-year record was 35,922 quarts of milk and 2,865 pounds of butter.

It's a good thing to know that, in the course of a year, will give 20 quarts

of milk a day. Segis, if you analyzed her record, produced, day after day, for two long years, an average of 46½ quarts of milk.

In addition to making an amazing volume of milk and butter, the cow that earned a memorial gave birth to many sons and daughters, every one of which made records that attracted the attention of dairymen all over the world.

An inscription on the base of the curious statue gives the essential facts of the cow's career. The statue itself, modeled by a famous sculptor, is painted in natural colors. The black-and-white body of Segis is faithfully reproduced and even the pink color of her underparts and her exceptionally large udder are shown just as they were on her carcass when she was alive and lying recumbent for cows of all ages and all breeds.

A New Note in Portraiture

BESIDES being famous for its beautiful women and its waltzes, Vienna is well known for its able and imaginative photographers. These artists of the lens and the shutter always are thinking up new tricks to perform with their cameras.

One of the most unusual and striking portraits taken in Vienna during the past year is the interesting "shot" of Bee Jackson, the American dancer, shown on this page. The photographer had Miss Jackson lie flat on a divan so that her blonde hair hung down. In her hands he placed a hand mirror and had her hold it in such a way that her eyes, nose and mouth were reflected

in the glass. The result was a double picture of the subject, one taken of her face from above and behind and the other taken of the important features of her face from the opposite angle.

This odd camera study was made just too late to be entered in the annual competition of the Austrian Photographic Society, but the artist has promised the American girl that he will put the photograph in the contest next year and assured her that it stands a good chance of taking one of the major prizes. Already the picture has been given a prominent place in several European magazines.



An Unusual Photograph of Bee Jackson, the American Dancer, Now Having a Vogue in Vienna. Bee Is Looking at Herself While the Photographer Makes His Picture.

Girl Has Flown 250,000 Miles

WITHIN the past few years this country has developed many air-minded women. Some of them piled up hours in the air as pilots and others as passengers, but none of them seems to approach the flying-time record of Miss Katherine Maye of Verdun, Illinois. In the role of "sky nurse," she already has flown more than 250,000 miles and she intends to stick on her job until she has amassed at least half a million miles of travel above ground.

Miss Maye is, as her job suggests, a graduate nurse. Her job is to minister to air-risk passengers, calm those who are inclined to be nervous. If not actually ill, take care of youngsters, serve an occasional meal and, at times, point out interesting features of the landscape slipping along beneath the ship.

During her long tour of duty in the air Miss Maye has ridden in many of the transport ships of the United Air Lines and at least half of her excep-

tional mileage has been piled up on night flights.

"I like my job," says the record holder, "and it is my intention to travel at least 500,000 miles in the air before I quit, and, if I do quit then, to look for something which interests and excites me more."

On the day that the sky nurse passed the quarter-of-a-million mark she was closely pursued by another girl in the same work—Miss Ida Novelli, of Seattle. A few days later the Seattle girl, roaring along in a transport plane, also jotted down a notation that she had flown 250,000 miles.

Both these extremely air-minded women prepared for their ultra-modern jobs by taking a short ground course in aviation and in geography so that they could give accurate information to passengers. Both have to watch their weight, for if they tip the scales at more than 150 pounds they might lose their job to a pair of slimmer and lighter nurses.

Tree Snaps—Town Fears Doom

CENTURIES ago, when the Greeks worshipped Athena, goddess of war and protector of cities, an olive tree sacred to her grew in the temple raised in her honor on the Acropolis. That tree, perished, of course, in ancient times, but another olive tree grew among the ruins of the temple and was superstitiously looked upon as sacred. The people of the town near the Acropolis somehow came to believe that the health of the tree

guaranteed the well-being of their community.

A few weeks ago a storm swept the Acropolis and snapped the trunk of the holy tree off about 30 inches above the ground. When the townspeople heard of this they began to fear that the death of the tree was an evil omen and that some catastrophe was in the offing. Special religious services were held for several days, but so far nothing untoward has befallen the town.

Abyssinian Art Amuses Paris

THE museums and art galleries of the French capital are frequently made colorful and interesting with exhibits of what the French call objects d'art from the far corners of the world.

At the moment the art lovers of the city are flocking to an exhibition of ancient and medieval Abyssinian art which occupies one of the rooms of the Ethnographic Museum. The French, being sensitive to things artistic and aesthetic, find much to admire in these sculptures.

They also perceive a humorous touch in the figures and, to use a current expression of American slang, get a laugh out of some of the little statues.

It is probable that sculptors of Abyssinia, when they were making their things, had no intention of being funny, and probably the objects were not funny to the contemporaries of the creators. But they amuse the French, so much so that several manufacturers of novelties have made copies of the statues which are enjoying a wide sale in Parisian stores and shops.

The horse and rider shown on this page have been reproduced in glass, brass and clay. Some of these reproductions have taken the form of book-burners. Others have been fashioned into incense burners. The inside of each statue is hollow and the top of the rider's hat comes off, so that the sweet-smelling stuff can be placed in a little tray set within. Hundreds of copies of the statuette and other sculptural evidences of Abyssinian culture have been made to adorn ash trays, which can be bought for a few francs.

These things, too, appealed to the Frenchman's lighter side as well as his artistic nature, and for months the little shops along the boulevards did a flourishing business in African novelties. Some of the more grotesque tribal masks were used as the models for jewelry and it was not unusual to see a smartly dressed woman wearing a Congo mask made of semi-precious stones.



One of the Curious Abyssinian Statues Now on Exhibition in Paris and Which Is Furnishing Novelty Manufacturers With Ideas for Ash Trays, Cigarette Containers and Other Odds and Ends to Be Found in the Smart Boulevard Shops.

Textile Designs From Diseased Tissues, Germs and Drugs

Mme. Guillot, French Scientist, Discovers Beauty in the Microscopic Structures of Tumors, Microbes, Uric Acid and Other Things Which Afflict Mankind, and Photographs Them as Patterns for Dresses, Wall-Paper and Other Articles of Decoration

The Basis of a Highly Decorative Design Which Is Really a Micro-Photograph of the Living Cells of Cancer in the Body of a Mouse.

PARIS, Aug. 6. "HOW do you like my new gown?" asked a pretty Parisian girl of her admirer, after he had failed to compliment her without being prompted. "If you must know," answered the young man, who happened to be a medical student, "I don't know quite what to think. It is beautiful, and yet it seems familiar. I think I have seen something like it under the microscope, but whether in germs or drugs or some sort of diseased tissues, I don't know. Anyway, it is really charming."

The pretty Parisienne had never seen bacillus pyogenes surges—which are microbes quite unpleasant to have. And she didn't allow that observation to interfere with her liking for her dress.

Nevertheless, her admirer was quite right. The design upon the silk that she was wearing was from what medical men call a pathological specimen. It is an old adage that misfortune often comes disguised as good luck, and that what we think is good fortune many times turns out to be the reverse. In the same way, few know what beauties can be concealed in various germs, acids, poisons and other things that afflict the human body. Something may kill us—but under the eye of the microscope it can be beautiful, nevertheless.

Mme. Albin Guillot, of Paris, a scientist and micro-photographer with an extraordinary perception of beauty, found this out. Peering into her lens at the tissues of cancer, cross-sections of malignant cells, crystallizations of drugs of various kinds and other substances inimical to health and happiness, she was struck by their beauty. More and more, as she peered through her microscope, did she see in them wonderful designs for textiles, wall-papers, portieres—all sorts of decorative objects, even to candy, cosmetic and cigarette boxes.

So Madame Guillot, without telling the sources of her inspiration, sent her photographs to those who pleased the world with their designs on dresses, draperies and fripperies of all kinds. These to whom she sent them liked them. Here was something new. And so Mme. Guillot's cross-sections appear today on the walls of apartments, in the draperies of the windows, and on the dresses of the French fashion mannikins.

News of this artistic invasion of the modern scientific world reached the United States and caused the Journal of the American Medical Association to take notice with the following comment: "Modern decorative art is constantly seeking new designs for portieres, wallpaper and ladies' dress goods. The imagination of decorative artists has been strained to the uttermost in the attempt to supply new designs. The infinite variety of designs displayed in the veins of marble and other building stones has been frequently studied and imitated; but the images supplied by nature on examining certain microscopic preparations have never been utilized."

"Madame Albin Guillot," says the manufacturer of orthopedic apparatus, who is well versed in microscopy and who is also an expert photographer, "has had the ingenious idea of deriving original decorative motifs from these images. Microscopic preparations, richly stained by means of various laboratory reagents and photographed with considerable magnification, furnished her with some astonishing pictures in which nature combines fresh and repeats the same elements in accordance with arrangements constantly renewed."

"Pathologic tissues, especially neoplasms, furnish images even more curious and interesting than normal tissues. Madame Albin Guillot has published an album of plates of cells, in which one can see sections of cancer and tumors that present designs of charming originality. These designs, which have been examined and are making industrial applications that are scoring a great success. Superbly dressed women are wearing dresses the picturesque design of which is patterned, without their knowing it, after the structure of tumors; or they paper the walls of their apartments with



A Micro-Photograph of Serpents' Blood Furnished the Decorative Motif for This Charming Dress. Here Are Seen the Oval Reptilian Blood Corpuscles, Each With Its Characteristic Central Dot or Nucleus. (Textile Design by Mme. Guillot.)



On the Right—A Design for Wall-Paper and Dress-Goods Taken From Crystals of Poisonous Uric Acid, One Cause of Rheumatism and Gout. (Micro-Photograph by Mme. Guillot.)

Not a Japanese Landscape, but a Screen by Mme. Guillot Decorated With an Enlarged Micro-Photograph of Crystals of the Drug Caffeine, Found in Coffee.

paper the design of which is derived from a sarcoma." After all, why not? A pearl is a precious jewel to the woman who owns it, but to the oyster that produced the thing it was a disease and affliction. Malignant growths in mahogany and other trees, which are called "tree-cancers," make the most pleasing designs for cigarette and vanity cases, while rattlesnake skins are accessible material for ladies' slippers, wrist bags and, even closer to their hearts, pocket-books.

Mme. Guillot, having that almost unheard-of combination of temperaments, scientific and artistic, could not resist the temptation of using cancers and tumors, because these and other neoplasms, as new growths that do not belong in the body are called, really cannot but be called beautiful.

Such new and hostile growths have to fight the healthy body cells and advance against them on all sides. This happens to cause the invading cells to throw themselves frequently into orderly symmetrical patterns suggestive of the arches, domes and flying buttresses of old cathedrals and temples. Specialists on these morbid growths were somewhat amused when sensitive women who could not speak of cancer or tumor without a shudder were covering their walls with the "sweetest designs," which they little knew were tremendously enlarged reproductions of the hated things.

"When a doctor is a guest it is the height of bad taste for a patient to discuss his ailments. He should do that at the doctor's office and pay for it. Of course, no physician ever makes that mistake. But in Paris recently a well-known authority on diet kept chuckling to himself as he dined with one of his patients, and finally could not resist 'talking shop' at the table."

"Who selected this charming wall-paper?" he inquired. "I did. Do you like it?" replied the hostess. "I think it is lovely," the medical man assured her. "But more than that, in all the world you could not have

found one more appropriate for your husband. In fact, had I known it existed, I should have prescribed it for him."



Wearing the Bottom of a Pond. Design by Mme. Guillot Based on Amebas and Several Other Microscopic Creatures of Pond Mud and Water.

material. As drug victims tend to know each other and associate together, this started a style among the unfortunate, a thing that is said to have happened more than once before. What made this occasion remarkable was the fact that it

had been copied from the formation of the crystals of one of the optimum derivatives, as seen under high magnification. The silk house, however, saw no reason for advertising this interest, a fact.

Bio-chemists are a studious, practical lot, not much given to art, but even they have sometimes noticed that red corpuscles of human blood, with their disk-like form, often fall into attractive shapes, relieved by the irregular outlines of the leucocytes, or white blood corpuscles. This opportunity did not escape the artistic eye of this painter of the microscopic world. She submitted an attractive plate for red and white dress goods. It was accepted, but so many people in the factory recognized the design as blood that the idea was abandoned.

Another Parisian lady, sitting in a dim, becoming light, was found eating from a bonbon dish and happily ignorant of the fact that both the box and the lamp shade were decorated with a faithful copy of the crystals of one of the most deadly poisons known—cyanide. Perhaps nobody would object to a screen embellished with citric acid crystals from a lemon, but an even crisper motif might not be so popular if its fair owner knew that the "novel" design was from the molecular structure of a synthetic medicine used for intestinal trouble.

Microscopic sections of hairs have been the source of some of Mme. Guillot's most attractive wallpaper and



The Basis of Another Unusual and Attractive Pattern for Dress, Which Is Actually a Micro-Photograph of a Fatal Mold Germ in a Diseased Human Liver.

which shaves organic matter to a thinness of .0003937 of an inch. Minerals are even more troublesome. To view the pretty structure of a kidney stone, for instance, she must cement the tiny stone to a block of glass and grind it down with tedious care until it is as thin as her organic slides. Then it is necessary for her to unmount this unthinkably thin and brittle slice from the block and, with transparent Canada balsam, glue it to the glass of the microscope's slide.

When Mme. Guillot has developed her plate and made an enlargement of it she prepares another slide of the same material to look at with the eye. It is from this that she gets the colors and details that escape the camera.

The pattern of one of the gowns shown on this page is in reality a micro-photograph of serpents' blood, showing the oval reptilian corpuscles with their characteristic central dot or nucleus. Another dress pattern reflects the microscopic life at the bottom of a muddy pond.

This French woman who, among other recognition, received the Legion of Honor, has discovered a gold mine of new designs that are really odd as the hills, but, like most discoveries, it is based on a heart-breaking amount of hard work.

Mme. Guillot, a Parisienne by birth, studied painting in her youth, and when she married was already known as a designer and painter. Her husband, now dead, was one of those patient scientists at the Pasteur Institute who give up their lives to squinting down a microscope, and who, instead of considering his work a bore, got interested in it and insisted on helping. She became a skilled photographer, filming for him the infinitely small objects he was studying, and, what was more important, absorbed the scientist's exact and patient methods.

On his death she decided to go back to her art, long neglected, and it occurred to her to turn her skill and scientific knowledge to account. She is in a field that is not likely to be overcrowded. However, she does not confine herself to the world of the microscope, but sometimes uses bigger things that millions of people have seen and neglected. One day she had cooked to prepare a fish for dinner her mistress said, "Never mind, give me that. We will have ham and eggs." Instead of eating the fish she took it to her studio and copied it skin in a pattern, which she submitted to a dress goods manufacturer.



Lemonade Spilled on a Dress Does Not Look Like This, But Micro-Photographs of Citric Acid Crystals Found in Lemon Juice Produced This Striking Design by Mme. Guillot.



The Basis of Another Unusual and Attractive Pattern for Dress, Which Is Actually a Micro-Photograph of a Fatal Mold Germ in a Diseased Human Liver.

Beauty, as the poet observed, is in the eye of the beholder.

The Real William Penn

Not the Peace-Loving Quaker of Tranquil Life Most People Think, but Frequently Attacked for His Love of Display, a Duelist, Often Went to Jail, Had Fist Fights Over His Broad-Brimmed Hat and Was Continually in Trouble With Both Debtors and Creditors



The Famous Portrait in Armor of William Penn Made When He Was 22 Years Old and Was the More or Less Dashing Cavalier Instead of a Sober Quaker.

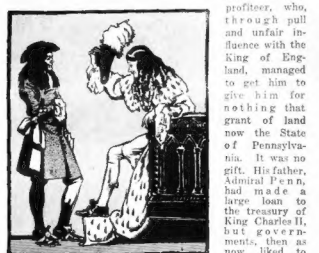
THE first clear night after William Penn, founder of Philadelphia and proprietor of a grant of land including 6,000 square miles smaller than all England, landed on the shores of the Delaware River 250 years ago to take possession of his vast property, he undoubtedly gazed upward at the strange new heavens.

One of the stars that twinkled down at him was so far away that the light it gave out that night has been traveling ever since. That light is now just reaching this earth and will be converted into a carrier wave which is to be used for broadcasting the City of Philadelphia's 250th anniversary of the great Quaker's arrival, to illuminate his portrait and for other purposes.

These things would astound that famous character if he could rise from his grave and witness them, but he would be only less surprised at the wrong ideas of his character, life and habits held by the average person today.

Most people suppose that William Penn went through life in somber garb, peacefully permitting others to tread on his toes, and when someone smote him on one cheek piously turning the other. Nothing could be further from the truth. Penn was often publicly attacked for love of display and foppishness, and though as sincere a man of peace as ever lived, he delighted in fighting for it on all possible occasions, often went to jail, was impudent to judges, had fist-fights over his broad-brimmed hat, fought a sword duel and won it, was continually in trouble with both debtors and creditors, living a stormy, aggressive existence to the end of his seventy-four years.

Many have thought that Penn must have been some sort of professor, who through pull and unfair influence with the King of England, managed to get him to give him for nothing that grant of land now the State of Pennsylvania. It was no gift. His father, Admiral Penn, had made a large loan to the treasury of King Charles II, but government, then as now, liked to waste every cent in the treasury and did not care to repay debts.



When Penn Refused to Take His Hat Off to King Charles II, the Monarch, Smiling, Took Off His Own Hat, Saying: "When another man is in my presence, one of the two must be uncovered."

In repayment of his father's loan this greatest grant of land ever given to one private individual. Financially the younger Penn would have done better to have written it off as a bad debt. The land was occupied by savages, together with Dutch and Swedish settlers. The Quaker got along beautifully with the savages, but the civilized white men scolded him out of his rents and revenues so successfully that he went to prison himself for debt and died in poverty.

Treating the redskins "like a white man" proved to be a great success because he respected and appreciated it, but treating the white man "white" cost the great champion of freedom half a million dollars more and finally got out of Pennsylvania. However, the things that he fought for, such as the right of trial by jury, have since become such commonplace in the American system of things as to be taken for granted.

As the son of one of England's two-fisted admirals, who would have guessed that he would devote his life to pacifism? Born a Cavalier, who would have thought he would become a Puritan at college, tearing the robes from the backs of his luxurious fellow students and finally getting out of Pennsylvania. However, the things that he fought for, such as the right of trial by jury, have since become such commonplace in the American system of things as to be taken for granted.

Penn joined with the Quaker-minded, though he did not definitely become a convert to the faith in his later years. He paraded in the streets with the radicals and tore the gowns off the backs of Conformists. The hat question was all-important in England in those days. Quakers uncovered their heads only in the presence of their God, while the Cavaliers, who were the more worldly supporters, Penn refused to take off his hat before anybody, and his obstinacy caused him to be expelled in disgrace from Oxford, with others of his group. On another occasion Penn stood in the presence of King Charles II with his hat on and the King with a smile took off his own hat, saying: "When another man is in my presence, one of the two must be uncovered."

After the Oxford episode Admiral Penn welcomed his "eccentric" son with a stern beating. However, he quickly repented and started young William on a career of "hard dining and late sleeping" in London as an example to Puritanism. But William did not respond to the treatment.

He continued morose and shunned society, dice and cards. So the admiral sent him to France on the same errand. He knew they did such things better there. He sent him with plenty of spending money and in company of several wild and ardent cavaliers to Paris hoping that he would, in modern language, "paint the town red."

Young William had his fling, enjoyed the wine, women and song, parted his hair in the middle, dressed like a dandy and cut up in such a way that the pleased father believed the young man had recovered from his Puritanical failings and would be a credit to him, according to the ideas of that day.

It was one of the few cases on record of a father trying to "reform" his son by riotous living. Like most reforms it did not last. Young William backslid into Puritanism.

By a queer twist of fate William Penn's own son played a similar trick on him. Like him, he refused his father's pious admonitions, the third generation Penn turned out to be the worst kind of worthless spendthrift and rake. Penn could make the wild Indian peaceful and well-behaved, but could do nothing with his own son.

Penn's father was such an able fighter that at the age of thirty-one he became Vice-Admiral of all England. For his services he was entitled to be made Lord Something-or-other, the thing was all arranged and he was happily awaiting news of the title when, to his dismay, he learned that the King had refused him the peerage because his son William had been too loud in his Quaker scorn of all titles.

As Quakers today are about the most inoffensive and harmless sect in the world, it is hard to realize that in Penn's time they were the cause of endless riots and trouble for the authorities. No custom was more ancient and approved than that of taking off one's hat in the presence of the King and other high dignitaries. But the Quakers refused to uncover for anyone except the Almighty.

This novelty assured plenty of trouble on most all public occasions because if anyone failed to remove his hat, the small official removed it for him. When this happened to the peace-loving Quaker he usually turned out to be surprisingly full of battle, ready literally to "fight at the drop of the hat."

Nowadays nobody is annoyed when a Quaker uses the words "thee" and "thou," but in Penn's day it seems to have infuriated other Englishmen. Their customary reply was:

"Thou me, thou my dog? If thou thoust me, I'll thou thy teeth down thy throat."

The man would then try to make good his promise. But the Quakers seem to have been a hardy set of people by no means easy to thrash. William, after he became converted, still wore his Cavalier sword even at Quaker meetings. One evening, as he was walking home, his mind absorbed in pious thoughts, he failed to notice becoming a captain's punishment. The fellow took this as an affront, drew his sword and challenged the Quaker to a duel. But Penn believed not only in peace but in non-resistance, and whipping out his own blade fought it out with the man till he knocked the sword from his hands. Then he explained.

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the size of Boston, with amusement, luxury and ease uppermost in the people's minds. The Rump Parliament was then in session and provided many ill-mannered jests for the butcher boys. The Cavalier class was busy ordering solid silver furniture for their lavish homes. William Penn grew more and more fed up with elegance, and at the age of twenty-four he was definitely converted to the Quakers.

Penn was the first Cavalier who had ever joined their ranks. It is an interesting fact that the only really authentic portrait of Penn, "the man who died for peace," which has come down to us, is one of him clad in armor as a twenty-two-year-old Cavalier.

Penn's first experience in jail lasted nine months. Arrested for haranguing a crowd against feasting, pride and luxury, he was put in the Tower by the Bishop of London. Like John Bunyan and Sir Walter Raleigh, he wrote his most famous book, "No Cross, No Crown," during that sentence. In it he said: "They are mistaken in me. . . I can weary out their malice. Neither great things nor good things ever were attained without loss and hardship."

When the Duke of York acceded to the Admiral's pleas and released young Penn, William declared, "Tell the King that the Tower is the worst argument in the world."

Penn proved his statement by going forth as a street-preacher once more. Again he found himself arraigned for unlawful assembly. As he entered the court with his hat on, an attendant pulled it off. A battle royal followed, and the judge, who happened to be the Mayor, called Penn a noisy, impertinent and troublesome fellow. Penn acted as his own counsel and beat the court in stinging, clever words.

The judge charged the jury to bring in this verdict: "Guilty of speaking unlawfully in Gracious Street." The jury returned with the verdict: "Guilty of speaking in Gracious street." Since people were certainly not criminals because they conversed in any street, the judge was furious at the mock verdict. He screamed: "Stop his (Penn's) mouth; bring forth rods and stake him to the ground." Penn replied that the court learned well from the Spanish Inquisition. The jury turned to the jury and threatened them with starvation unless they brought in the desired verdict. It was no go. The jury was starved for two days and then returned with a genuine verdict: "Not guilty."

The infuriated judge sentenced the jury and William Penn to a fine of forty marks each or imprisonment until the fine was paid. The charge was contempt of court. To a man they went to serve their sentences in the vile Newgate Jail rather than purchase their liberty. Finally their friends got them out.

After Penn's release this time, his ambitious father was particularly heartbroken. The Admiral now saw that Penn would never change. He felt that he was rapidly failing, and he feared that he would die.

What is more, he left him an income which would today amount to \$20,000 a year. Penn thought that wealth might bring his son back to the Cavaliers, he was wrong; for soon after, without a jury trial, Penn was sentenced to another six long months in Newgate. It was an unusual sight to see this gentleman of accomplishments and means share the "common, stinking" jail with pickpockets and felons.

It was time for love to enter the young Quaker's heart and it did. He married a Puritan girl, a Quaker, rich, clever and vivacious Quaker maiden. For two years

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"Gull" and he lived the life of contented landowners in a lovely country-house, but those years were destined to be the first and the last which William Penn spent in complacent peace. He and Gulistan soon went abroad to visit dissenters in other lands.

He now took up that little matter of 12,000 pounds sterling lent by his father, which now, with interest, was 16,000 pounds. Even the commonest of common people is likely to get touchy when reminded of an old debt, and a royal debtor is that much harder to handle. Therefore it was not exactly tactful when Penn came to dun his Royal Master that he refused to take off his hat.

In payment of this debt, the King gave a feudal charter to Penn, allowing Penn to collect rents from the colonists; provided he gave the crown one-fifth of all the gold and silver and two heaver signs annually. William Penn in 1681 founded the Free Society of Traders, which was the first to invite colonists from all lands to America. He did his inviting, according to William Penn's address at the Pennsylvania Historical Society in 1825, in the most fair and candid manner, asking them to become not conquerors but cultivators of the soil, to contribute not to extirpate the natives, to earn their bread by labor, not to acquire wealth by the prodigality of chance, the pursuit of precious metals, or by reducing the helpless natives to slavery. He announced that anyone might buy land from him at 100 pounds for 5,000 acres, and an additional yearly rental of a shilling for every 100 acres.

According to the general belief of the times, this was a fantastic and outrageous idea. What were colonists to expect to be exploited? And Indians were like animals to be driven off the land unless they could be enslaved or robbed profitably.

Penn even stopped the lucrative business of trading a few pennies worth of "fire-water" to the Indians for several pounds worth of pelts.

But his ideas of individual liberty took root and were one of the main causes of the revolution against England. Immediately he called the Indians together and made with them the famous agreement to live in peace, a contract which led the great French philosopher, Voltaire, to exclaim: "This was the only treaty between these people (meaning the heathen) and the Christians which was not ratified by an oath and that never was broken."

The Indians loved Penn because he was a just man to them as to everyone else, but the white people did not. Enemies circulated reports that he had secretly become a Jesuit. Others said that he was too frivolous and full of levity to be a true minister. When he established his elaborate 20,000-acre home at Pennycuik, to which ladies in golden ornaments and silken dresses came to parties, he was criticized in the market-places. The many-sided William Penn could not entirely overcome his Cavalier love of display.

The colonists began defaulting their rent and cheating the founder. There were troubles about settling the boundaries of his colony and he thought it best to return to England for that purpose, which proved to be a thoroughly impractical move. As soon as he was gone mismanagement became rampant. News came from the colony that rents were being defaulted and left.

Troubles piled on him. His beloved wife died. King William now came to the throne and Penn lost his influence at court. He was accused of treason. Things went from bad to worse in Pennsylvania, but Penn did not now have money enough to finance a trip. He petitioned the colonists to pay the expenses for him but their answer was silence. Finally, in 1699, he managed to return, with a second wife. He remained only a few years, and in 1701 he sailed home, never to come back.

The colony had cost him 30,000 pounds—half a million dollars in present money values—more than he had ever got out of it.

In England Penn continued his agitation for freedom for all persecuted people. His writings show that he loved him and his enemies had him jailed for a rent debt. He had to mortgage his colony to get out.

He died in 1718, broken in fortune but not in spirit, and was buried near a lonely Quaker meeting-house at Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire, a short distance from London.

However, the great fighting pacifist and Quaker did not entirely disappear. His writings show that he well knew that nothing good or great can be accomplished without blows, suffering and disappointments.

He is forever immortal as one of the world's greatest benefactors. He paid for it in advance, but he expected to.



The First Landing of William Penn at New Castle, Pennsylvania, on the Delaware River, on October 28, 1682, When He Came to Take Possession of His Immense Grant of Land From Charles II. A Detail From the Painting by J. L. G. Ferriis.



The Peace-Loving Old Father of William Penn, Who So Disappointed of His Son's Quaker Tendencies That He Tried to Whip Them Out of Him.



William Penn, the Quaker, in His Later Days. From a Painting by Benjamin West.

The Indian Wampum Belt of Shell-Beans Which Celebrated the Treaty With the Indians Made by William Penn. It Pictures the White Man on the Left and the Redskin on the Right Joining Hands in an Agreement of Peace, Friendship and Good-Will.

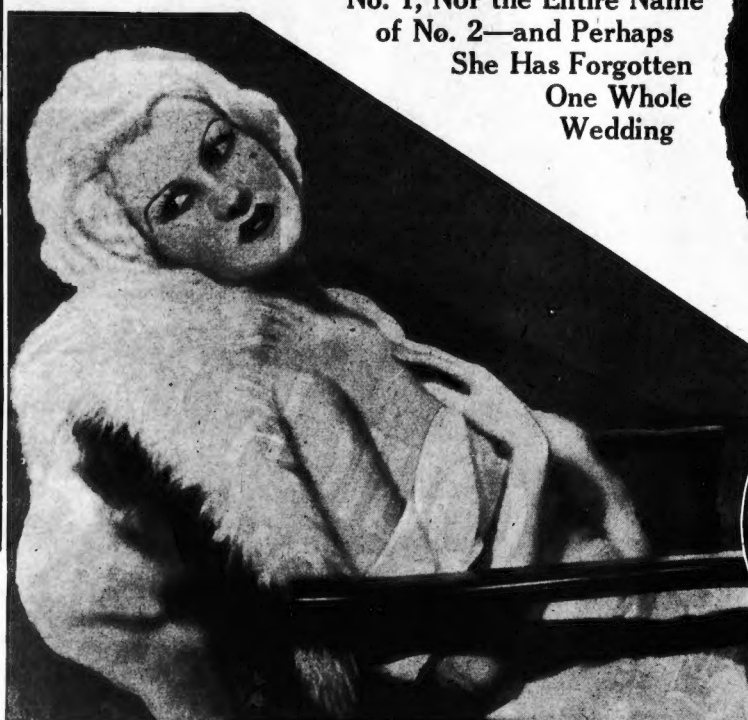
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So Many Husbands She Can't Remember Their Names

Married for the Fifth (or Sixth) Time at the Age of 23, Platinum-Haired Claire Ray Cannot Recall the First Name of No. 1, Nor the Entire Name of No. 2—and Perhaps She Has Forgotten One Whole Wedding



Hilda Ferguson, Who Seems to Be in Demand As a Bridemaid for Broadway Elopements.



Platinum-Haired Claire Ray, Who Took Her Fifth, or Sixth (She Can't Remember) Husband on Her Twenty-third Birthday.

CLAIRE RAY, "platinum-haired" stage beauty, who, until recently, was the daughter-in-law of Mr. Carnevale, New York multi-millionaire real estate operator, is now somebody else's daughter-in-law. Claire was born on the Fourth of July—Independence Day—and ever since she has been declaring her independence, especially of husbands. But last Fourth of July she upset the usual order of things and gave up her independence by vowing to love, honor and obey a new husband—her fifth or sixth. There is some confusion over the exact number of Claire's husbands, as her memory sometimes plays her tricks.

For instance, she can remember only the last name of her first husband. And the entire name of the second husband has escaped her mind.

But these are not the only pranks Claire's memory plays on her. She apparently forgets whole weddings. There is that matter of her marriage with "Nigger Nate" Raymond, one of the few men who ever outwitted the King-Pin gambler, Arnold Rothstein. Any girl could be proud of having had such a resourceful cavalier as a husband, but just now Mr. Raymond is under a cloud. Worse still, he is under five to ten years' sentence to Sing Sing for some juggling of bonds which an unfeeling district attorney interpreted as forgery. He died a jury.

Claire interpreted this incident differently. She took it to mean she was never married to Nigger Nate despite the records of the marriage are on file at Tinian, Mexico. They were just friends who went places together, she says, although her next-to-last husband, the millionaire's son, Charles E. Carnevale, got an annulment of their marriage on the grounds she still was the legal and lawful wife of Raymond when a St. Vernon, N. Y., early morning ceremony made Claire and Carnevale as one.

When Carnevale found out about Nigger Nate, as previously related in the American Weekly, Claire said she had heard Mr. Raymond had got a divorce from her. Brought into court, Raymond confessed that he had heard that Claire had divorced him, and on the strength of this, he, too, had remarried. Oh, dear.

Anyway, Carnevale was granted an annulment, Raymond was soon afterwards sentenced to prison and with the atmosphere sort of cleared in this manner, Claire promptly got married again. Her newest husband is Al Kerwin, a prosperous real estate man of Long Island, N. Y., whose chief claim to fame, aside from being one of Claire Ray's husbands, is that he was once manager for Texas Guinan, erstwhile "Queen of the Night Clubs." After prohibition agents made night club life too strenuous, Kerwin stuck to real estate, where at least one's holdings are not at all as easily chopped to pieces with axes or carted off to government warehouses.

The reader might like to know more about Claire. She is a tall girl, as tall as the average man, but much more shapely. Her crowning glory is a head of "platinum hair," bright silver-colored strands mingled with red. Her finger and toe nails are tinted a bright red, almost as bright a red as her lips. Her eyebrows, too, are

not exactly as Nature fashions such appendages, but if dark, thin, long arches appeal to a girl, together with heavily crimsoned lips, certainly she is entitled to them.

Miss Ray was born on the Pacific Coast just 23 years ago last Fourth of July, but with her faulty memory she is able to recall very little of her early life. At the tender age of 15 or 16 she was married to a Mr. Kelley, first name disremembered. He was a Seattle banker, she remembers, but that is about all. In two months or so the marriage was annulled.

Claire's memory about her second marriage is even more flimsy. When asked about this point in her career, she agitated her silver hair with her bright red finger-tips and gurgled: "Now, isn't that a scream? I can't even remember his name. It doesn't matter much, anyway. He was a tenor singer in a show I was traveling with. Our romance, if it can be called that, didn't last more than three weeks. I was still under age, so this marriage was annulled, too."

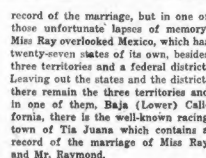
Memory apparently clears somewhat as Claire approaches marriage No. 3. But not altogether. Claire's best recollection is that Husband No. 3 was Monty Banks, the film comedian. Claire played in two pictures with Monty, she says, and he made the error of telling her he thought he ornamented the screen much more than she did. So another marriage knot was untied. Monty since then was married to the beautiful stage star, Gladys Frain, and divorced two years later. Who the most beautiful of the three is, no competent judge has decided.

Whether Nigger Nate Raymond was Husband No. 3 or 4 or 5 is certainly uncertain. A brilliant French philosopher once remarked that the only certain thing about life was its uncertainty, and so it seems with Claire's marriages. Miss Ray said recently: "It's true what I go places with Nate. But he was married and, so far as I know, still is. I met him through Jack Dempsey. The vital statistics of every State in the Union can be looked over and no record of a marriage between myself and Mr. Raymond will be found. I emphatically deny that Nate is one of my husbands."

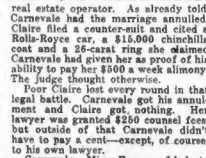
It is quite certain that the vital statistics of "every State in the Union" may be searched without finding any



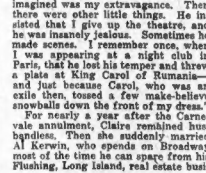
"Nigger Nate" Raymond, Who, Monty Banks, the Screen Funny Man, Whom Claire Claims as One of Miss Ray's Husbands.



Charles E. Carnevale, Multi-Millionaire's Son, at Present Known as Her Next-to-Last Mate.



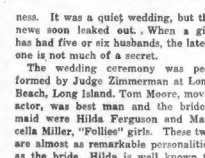
Al Kerwin, the Bridegroom, and Latest of the Long Line of Miss Ray's Spouses.



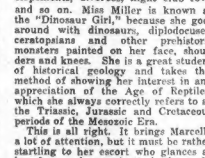
The Dinosaur Bridemaid. Miss Marcella Miller, With a Tra-la-lon on Her Pretty Cheeks, a Tyranosaurus Rex on Her Gleaming Shoulder and a Diplodocus on Her Dimpled Knees.



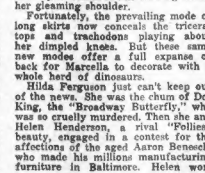
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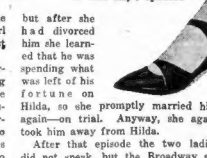
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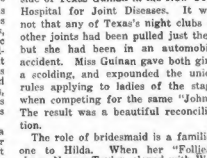
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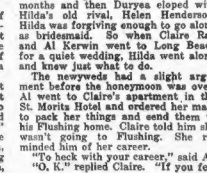
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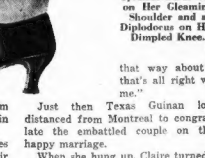
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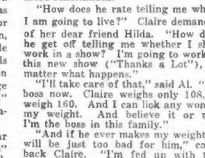
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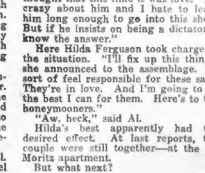
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Charles E. Carnevale, Multi-Millionaire's Son, at Present Known as Her Next-to-Last Mate.



Al Kerwin, the Bridegroom, and Latest of the Long Line of Miss Ray's Spouses.



The Dinosaur Bridemaid. Miss Marcella Miller, With a Tra-la-lon on Her Pretty Cheeks, a Tyranosaurus Rex on Her Gleaming Shoulder and a Diplodocus on Her Dimpled Knees.

that way about it, that's all right with me."

Just then Texas Guinan long-distanced from Montreal to congratulate the embattled couple on their happy marriage.

When she hung up, Claire turned to Hilda Ferguson who had just dropped in, with a party of friends bringing more felicitations.

"How does he rate telling me where I am going to live?" Claire demanded of her dear friend Hilda. "How does he get off telling me whether I shall work in a show? I'm going to work in this new show ('Thanks a Lot'), no matter what happens."

"I'll take care of that," said Al. "I'm boss now. Claire weighs only 108. I weigh 160. And I can lick any woman my weight. And believe it or not, I'm the boss in this family."

"And if he ever makes my weight, it will be just too bad for him," came back Claire. "I'm fed up with this argument already. I'm not sorry, yet, that I married Al. But I had four (five!) husbands before him and I thought that this time it was love. I'm crazy about him and I hate to leave him long enough to go into this show. But if he insists on being a dictator, I know the answer!"

Here Hilda Ferguson took charge of the situation. "I'll fix up this thing," she announced to the assemblage. "I sort of feel responsible for these saps. They're in love. And I'm going to do the best I can for them. Here's to the honeymooners."

"As, how," said Al. "Hilda's best apparently had the desired effect. At last reports, the couple were still together—at the St. Moritz apartment. But what next?"

The Difference a DRY FLAKE makes

"WHAT is a DRY flake?" women ask us. "We know that Quick Arrow produces marvelously thick suds in a jiffy—but why? What has DRY got to do with it?" This, then, is the reason that Quick Arrow is the soap for every need—the double purpose DRY flake.

PLENTY of water enters into the process of soap making. At some point, most of this water must be removed. Quick Arrow Flakes go through a special process exclusive to Quick Arrow. This process makes these fine white flakes practically moistureless.

The Quick Arrow carton, then, gives you ALL soap. Economy. YOU supply the water!



BECAUSE of this desirable dryness, there is THIS added advantage. Quick Arrow Flakes crumble at a touch. Dissolve instantly. Women everywhere tell us gratefully what an advantage there is in having ONE package do double duty—solve TWO problems. Flakes for clothes—powder for dishes.

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Quick Arrow Flakes are wonderful for all washing. White clothes are whiter; woollens come through soft and fluffy. And notice how these flakes preserve the crisp, clear tints of colorful summer clothes!

You can use Quick Arrow safely for anything that calls for soap and water. Order Quick Arrow today. Swift & Company.

**Women like this
DRY FLAKE for
its Double Purpose
at ONE COST**

TUNE in Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, 8:45 p. m., E. Daylight T., for Pat Barnes, "the man of a hundred voices," on NBC stations—WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WLW, 7:45 p. m., C. Daylight T., WENR, WTMJ and KSTP. You will enjoy this inimitable program.

To make things gleaming bright. Double Action • Single Cost

SUNBRITE CLEANSER—how clean and sweet everything is that it touches! Have you tried the new and IMPROVED Sunbrite? It is THE forward step made by any cleanser, experts say, and women tell us, gratefully, that it is marvelous! So smooth! Remember that SUNBRITE is the cleanser that has double action for single cost: it sweetens while it cleans, and purifies while it scours. Order a supply from your grocer today.

Raising Whiskers Raising Trouble Everywhere

Wives and Sweethearts in the West Rebel Against the Festivals That Bring Them Against the Bristles; Nebraska's New State Capitol Held Up Until It Was Decided Whether the Prophet Ezekiel Was Shaved; Women in Germany Organize Against

Beards; Russia Shedding Its Facial Shrubbery



Michelangelo's Painting of the Prophet Ezekiel With a Beard in the Sistine Chapel, Rome.

"The pioneers had hairy ears. They did not care for titles; They hung their whiskers on the wall And shot at them with rifles." —Old Frontier Song.

THAT doggerel verse was prophetic of what has happened to the descendants of those pioneers in Centralia, Washington, where Mr. Frank McDowell was recently convicted in solemn court of removing his whiskers and fined \$25 for the "crime," and even the State's Chief Executive, Governor Roland H. Hartley, was dragged to court when he was caught in the town without any beard.

The town had passed an ordinance making it unlawful to shave between the dates of June 25 and August 14.

But Centralia is not the only place in the United States which has a closed season during which no male above the age of eighteen is permitted by law to shave on penalty of fine, imprisonment or other punishment. There are other communities in the West, Southwest and even in the South which commemorate pioneer days in the same way. But indignant wives and sweethearts assert that Centralia started this pioneer epidemic, and that it is steadily growing, which seems to be true. The women are getting tired of it and are organizing against the nuisance—to them. They say it is all right for their husbands and beaux to wear false moustaches or beards, but not the real ones that can't be taken off at times of close contact.

In fact, the question of whiskers or no whiskers seems to be troubling the whole world. Russia is contemplating legislation making it compulsory to shave, on the ground that beards and whiskers were not only too much associated with the Czarist reign, but that the hairy Bolshevik is too much a target for the cartoonists.

A movement against beards and moustaches has been begun in Germany by women and shaving legislation is being formulated.

Out in Lincoln, Nebraska, the whiskers of the prophet Ezekiel, who lived some 5000 years ago, held up the finishing touches on the sculpture of Nebraska's new \$10,000,000 State Capitol.

The sculptor put whiskers on Ezekiel, but the objector quoted the fifth chapter of the Book of Ezekiel in the Bible to show that his true importance came from absence of whiskers. These verses read: "And thou, son of man, take thee a sharp knife, take thee a barber's razor, and cause it to pass upon thine head and upon thy beard: then take the balance to weigh and divide the hair. "Thou shalt burn with fire a third part in the midst of the city, when the days of the siege are fulfilled: and thou shalt take a third part, and smite about it with a knife: and a third part thou shalt scatter to the winds; and I will draw out a sword after them." The sculptor points out that the



Frau Mein Christiana, a Leader in Berlin Fashionable Society, Who Is Forming Anti-Moustache and Anti-Beard Clubs in Germany.

prophet's portrait in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican at Rome has whiskers. Therefore, he says, he was perfectly right in giving him whiskers, and, besides, Ezekiel must have had whiskers before he could shave them off. So whiskers won.

The Centralia women claim that the ordinance violates a woman's right to keep her menfolk not only kissable but reasonably presentable. Instead of appearing like a lot of tramps. Wives think it hard enough to look at the same old face across the breakfast table, morning after morning, without having it covered with "mass and spinach."

Centralia mothers report that they have been forced to double the customary bribe to make children cut their spinach since the innocents have seen a substance with a similar name on father's shaggy countenance.

The women protest on sanitary grounds also. Food, dust and microbes collect in moustache and beard, which may be condoned while men are away alone on camping trips, but not when they expect to kiss wife and children. Even if facial hair could be sterilized, kissing through it, they say, is like kissing an Airedale.

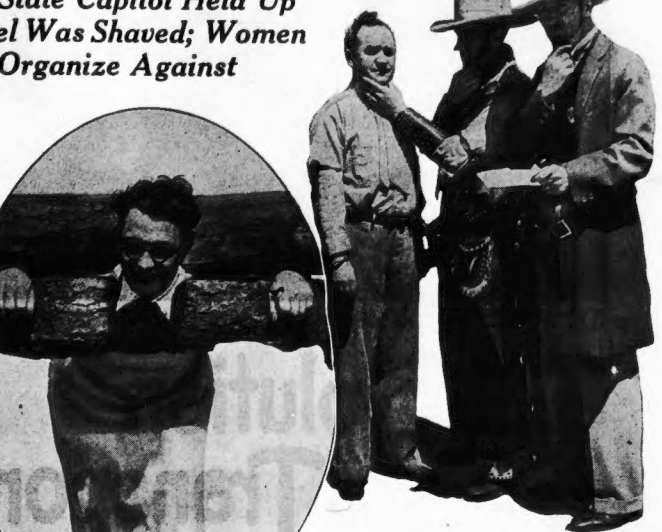
The men who cherish the pioneer celebrations reply that a luxuriant beard is a sign of a "he-man." In the good old days when men were men, they grow 'em clear up to their eyes and way down over their manly cheeks. A local school teacher who knew her history knocked even this theory out. She knew that what was a historic fact that the "Westward-bound" pioneers

let their faces grow up to weeds, that was only a sporadic reaction. The colonists who founded the country were mostly a clean-shaven lot. Even the cave man was ashamed of his untidy appearance as proved by the finding of flint razors.

Of course men don't burst into whiskers and women into tears without some reason. In the case of Centralia, as in the others, it was local patriotism. Centralia has a grand old history of the days of '49 which it celebrates every year with pageants so that never, upstart communities are reminded to hold it in due respect.

Up to a couple of years ago there was no question of violating the United States Constitution regarding personal liberty and the right to the pursuit of happiness. But Centralia folk are realists who saw that something was wrong. The men in the pageant, in spite of covered wagons and perfectly correct costumes, looked like just what they were, dressed up modern people, all because of one thing—they were clean-shaven, while the real "Forty-niners" were, as Shakespeare said, "bearded like the pard." False whiskers were spurned on the ground that they "don't fool anybody, even a detective."

The women, in their hoop skirts and poke bonnets, looked like the real thing. True, the wind sometimes revealed that they were not wearing pantaloons under the skirts, but that criticism was thrown out on the ground that nobody was supposed to look anyhow.



The Arrest of Frank McDowell, One of the Centralia Whisker Slackers, by a Posse of Vigilantes.



The Two Champion Whisker Growers of the World—Hans Langseth, King of Whiskers, With a 17-Foot Beard, and Jack Wilcox, Prime Minister of Whiskers, With a 12-Foot Beard, Both Honored in the "Days of '49 Celebration" at Sacramento, California, Another Whisker Festival. (Photo © Herbert Photos.)

And Above—Another Centralia Whisker Slacker Who Was Sentenced to Stand for an Hour in the Stocks, Which Have Been Erected in the Heart of the Business District, and Was Fined \$25 Besides.

So the town in dead seriousness passed that strange ordinance calculated to produce a bumper crop of genuine old-fashioned face-concealers that would not blow askew even on the "map" of a man on horseback in a high wind.

A few conservative husbands sounded their better halves on the subject but received only such frivolous answers as:

"What do I care? You couldn't look much worse than you do anyway."

At the first stubble appeared on the Centralia's manhood, its boyhood started shouting irreverent remarks at the patriots. As the weeks passed some chins sprouted luxuriant foliage while on others the crop, in spite of tonics, was a failure. The arching greeted such unfortunates with the following:

"There once was a man named Finnegan

Who tried to raise hair on his chin again. But when it came out it was thin again;

So he took an axe and drove it back in again."

The women who had said that nothing could make their men folk look worse than normal, admitted that for once they were mistaken—horribly so. However, as they had failed to make a proper protest in time, they contented themselves with gazing the sterner sex unmercifully and letting it go at that. It takes skill and practice for a man to trim his own beard successfully.

The wives offered to perform that service free but when the ladies approached with the scissors, their husbands were afraid of a certain glint they thought they saw in their eyes. So the job went to the barbers who, far from losing money by this new form of prohibition, actually profited.

That was two years ago, and the entire male population of Centralia dutifully fell in line for the whiskery 1930 observance. The whole town of 10,000 looked like a throwback to the days of Bret Harte and Jesse James. Bearded policemen directed traffic and were very snappish toward unshaved tourists who stopped to inquire whether Centralia barbers had gone on strike.

The celebration itself was a grand success, with resplendent draperies showing on every male countenance. Ancient stage coaches, buckboards and covered wagons in the annual parade were driven by men who actually looked like pioneers. The pageant staged around the old Centralia blockhouse, which had protected the first settlers against the Indians, literally swarmed with the wearers of 1849 model facial mops.

Meanwhile the whisker-conservation ordinance remained on the town's season arrived there was real rebellion by the women, who told their men to stop the nonsense and disregard the silly law. Many of them did, only to be taken to court and receive a stern warning.

Most of them obeyed but McDowell, a young bachelor, wavered. He was

thrown on the horns of a dilemma when his sweetheart handed down the following dictum:

"Lips that grow whiskers shall never touch mine."

For a while he hesitated, twist love and duty. There was the law which he had always respected, but there was an older law of Nature which makes the male in love subservient to the female of the human species and that was the law he finally obeyed, until a bearded judge said:

"Lock this miscreant up unless he furnishes \$25 bail."

The miscreant employed a lawyer, from out of town and unshaven, because no local talent would take his case. As soon as the attorney arose to address the court, the whiskered judge fined him \$10 for contempt of court for appearing with a naked face. He had to pay it before continuing with the case. The prisoner demanded a jury of his peers (that is, unshaven), but none could be found in town. Therefore a dozen scarecrows, looking "like the unshaved Cato," filled the box, causing McDowell to know that he was doomed.

"Guilty!" said the twelve good (and hairy) men and true.

"Twenty-five dollars and costs!" hissed His Whiskered Honor, through his upade beard.

McDowell paid and found himself a hero. From all over the West came letters of sympathy and approval, like the fan mail of a movie star. All of them from women.

Why should men raise nasty beards, for a pageant? the letters asked, "just because the old codgers were them. They chewed tobacco, too, and indigestible food, had no bath tubs nor other plumbing and were illiterate and uncouth generally. If this fool idea isn't stopped, some bunch of zealots may order those bits of realism to be repeated."

Then came the arrest of Governor Hartley, who had quietly dropped into town to view this face-shrubbery with his own eyes. An urchin pointed his finger out to a cop as "another of those whisker-slackers." The policeman asked if he belonged in town, as a Governor rightfully belongs in any part of his State, Washington's chief executive replied that he did and was promptly dragged to court. There the judge recognized his superior and set him free, with apologies.

The same ultimatum which caused Mr. McDowell's arrest was uttered years ago by a noted American actor acting a perfectly good leading man, and the director was ready when the actor's attention to the young actor's upper lip.

"That's it out," she said, "or I don't kiss him!"

The actor was offended, the director pleaded, the manager rolled his eyes as the "overhead" mounted. But the star stood firm until the leading man gave himself up to the barber.

"I object on sanitary grounds," she explained. "Also it scratches my skin and makes me shudder in the close-ups, and women don't like moustaches anyway, so what good are the wretched things?"

Miss Mary Christians, society leader, the ladies of the anti-moustache and anti-beard clubs in Germany.

"This is a free country," say the ladies of the West, "and one of the things we are going to keep it free from is whiskers. Anyone who grows them needn't come around."



① The World's Earliest Transportation Systems by Land and Water—A Man of the Stone Age Carrying a Slain Animal on His Back, While Others Experiment in the Stream With a Primitive Log Raft.



② In the Neolithic, or Late Stone Age, Man Discovered That He Could Transport Heavy Objects More Easily by Means of a Sledge, and That a Hollowed-Out Log Made an Excellent Canoe, as Depicted Above.

The Evolution of Transport

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FOR at least a million years man has been roaming the earth and for the greater part of the time he has traveled about on his hind legs. And if he had anything to move from one place to another he carried it on his own back. No doubt primitive savages pushed logs into the stream and floated down the river on them, but for countless centuries man had no notion of building a boat. So, too, an occasional venturesome and husky caveman may have leaped on the back of a deer, camel or wild cow and had a ride until he was thrown off.

But it was not until comparatively recent times that man had sense enough to spare his own legs or back by devising easier methods of transport.

The educational value of a correct pictorial history of man's progress on land, on sea and through the air has been recognized by the Science Museum of London. After much research and careful preparation, dioramas have been set up in the museum picturing graphically the earliest mode of transport as used in the childhood of humanity down through the ages to man's final application of mechanical power to the problems of freight and passenger transportation. On this page are reproduced some of the pictures from the London Science Museum.

It was almost at the dawn of recorded history that man invented his first conveyance—the canoe. The direct ancestors of the modern European, the later stone age or neolithic people, were lake-dwellers. They built their dwellings on piles in shallow water, and to get to their houses it is assumed that they had canoes. They had developed stone cutting-tools and knew how to produce fire, so that they had the means at hand by which to hollow out a log like the ones they had seen floating downstream. They roughly shaped the ends of the log so that it might pass more easily through the water. Then, by means of alternately burning and then chipping out the charred wood with the polished stone tools they had perfected, they were able to turn out man's first attempt at a boat, the canoe. This he no doubt pushed around with a pole.

That was his first means of transport by water, and it was probably centuries later that he invented the paddle so that he could go upstream, against the current, as well as downstream.

By land his first idea of easy carrying came to him, no doubt, when, engaged in the task of dragging off a chopped limb of a tree, either for use as firewood or to get it out of the way, he was annoyed by the prank of little Willie Cave-dweller, who sat upon the branches of the chopped limb for a ride. The child's father perhaps slapped him for his impudence, but it gave the old man an idea just the same. The branch was only a little more trouble to pull if it had a load on it than it had been without the load. There followed the evolution of the sledge, man's first means of transport by land. He was able to drag home an animal he had slain much more easily by sledge than by carrying the carcass on his back. A forked branch of convenient shape, such as that shown in the second picture at the top of this page, was the first sledge.

But it seems to have taken centuries more for man to have got the additional idea through his head that if he, with his limited strength, could drag a heavy load like that, a stronger animal could be trained to do it, too. There is evidence that prehistoric man had domesticated animals, but there is no trace in the pictures he

left on the walls of his caves that it ever occurred to him these animals could be used as beasts of burden.

For centuries in recorded history, of course, the camel, the donkey, the horse, the ox and his brother the yak of the Orient have been used as pack animals. But it was the invention of the wheel that gave man his first big push toward easy transportation.

The ancient Sumerians knew the principle of the wheel, and in Greco-Roman times it was so well developed that good roads came for the first time to play a part in the guidance of history. The wheel was an outgrowth of the roller, which we know was an important device used by the ancient Egyptians—and is still the only method by means of which a house can be moved from one place to another. The early Egyptians, if they knew the idea of the wheel, could not make use of it in the desert sand where the great pyramids were built. It was too much trouble to build roads, for, though slaves were plentiful, road building materials were not. Hence the roller was more practical. A heavy block of granite for use in the building of a pyramid, or an enormous statue such as that shown in Picture No. 3 above, was transported by means of rollers on a track consisting of two heavy planks. The sledge principle was also used by the Egyptians in moving giant objects, the plank track being watered or greased to make the burden slide more easily. Usually four gangs of forty to a hundred men were used, hauling on four ropes.

The Egyptians also built excellent boats, though they had no large trees whatsoever from which to fashion timbers. Hence their boats had to be built of many small pieces of wood, and the early examples were not seagoing vessels, but were adapted for use on the Nile, the main artery of the kingdom's traffic. Fortunately, on the Nile the wind blows for the greater part of the year from north to south. Hence it was nearly always possible for an ancient Egyptian boat either to sail upstream or drift downstream.

The fourth picture in the series above, most of which hang in the Science Museum in London, illustrates in a modern Himalayan setting how primitive man first came to use domesticated beasts as pack animals. Probably it was about the time he discovered that the milk of the cow and some other animals was wholesome food for humans. Hence he tamed the beasts, probably bred them, and discovered that a gentle domesticated animal would permit itself to be ridden or to be saddled with heavy burdens.

The horse was not the first beast of burden. Prehistoric man ate the horse but did not ride him. Equine specimens were much smaller than they are today—the horse developed from the eohippus, which was scarcely bigger than a dog—and the caveman esteemed him as good eating. Probably it was an animal of the ox family, like the yak shown in Picture No. 4, which was the first beast of burden.

Having learned to his satisfaction that his bevine pet would permit itself to be burdened with a heavy pack, primitive man then applied



⑤ The Greco-Roman Wheel Made Possible Drays Which Carried Heavy Loads, and, on Water, Man Had Developed the Canoe into a Seagoing Sailing Vessel. (Photograph Reproduced With the Permission of the Science Museum, London.)

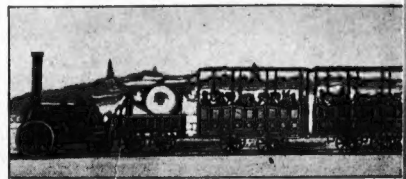


⑦ The Early Nineteenth Century in England Saw the Stage Coach Beginning to Find Itself in Competition With the Steam Carriage, the Steam Railroad, the Hobby Horse (Forerunner of the Bicycle).

the principle of the sledge and found that the animal could drag a much heavier burden that way than by carrying the load on its back. It was centuries later, however, before the wheel was invented and the standard of roads had so far improved as to permit wheeled vehicles to take the place of pack animals and sledges. In backward countries and in districts such as the mountains of Tibet, where conditions make roads impossible, the pack animal is still man's chief mode of transport.

The invention of the wheel—or rather the recognition of its simple principle—had a profound effect on the history of civilization. It led to the development of the great highways which made it possible for Roman legions to march to the far corners of the then known world. Without the wheel the roads would not have been built, and without the roads the far-flung Roman Empire would not have been possible, for sea transportation in those days was still in its infancy.

It is not known exactly when or where the wheel originated, but it was obviously a development of the roller. The roller probably was enlarged and shortened and then somebody hit upon the idea of an axle connecting two rollers, with a cart body supported between them, a rude



⑧ An English Passenger Train of the Type Developed in the 1820s. (Photograph Reproduced With the Permission of the Science Museum, London.)

vehicle that later became the Roman chariot. The wheeled vehicle was in use in Sumeria as far back as about 3000 B. C., but in Egypt not until long afterwards, probably because of the nature of the Egyptian soil. The first wheel was solid, an enlarged and narrowed roller, and the axle connecting two wheels was imbedded firmly and rotated with the wheels. It was not until centuries later that the spoked wheel and the fixed axle were perfected.

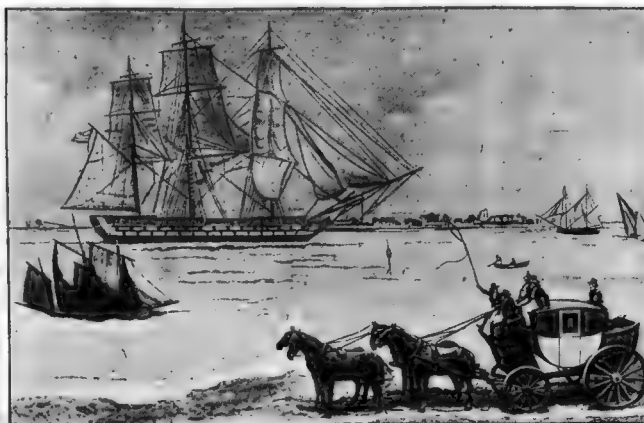
The development of the wheeled vehicle did not proceed rapidly until the ancients decided that good roads, despite their expense, were necessary for fast transportation. It is known that the Hittites constructed at least one long distance road, but it was not until Roman times



3 The Forerunner of the Modern Wheel Was the Roller, by Means of Which the Ancient Egyptians, Using Slave Labor, Successfully Moved Enormously Heavy Objects Like the Statue in the Picture Here.

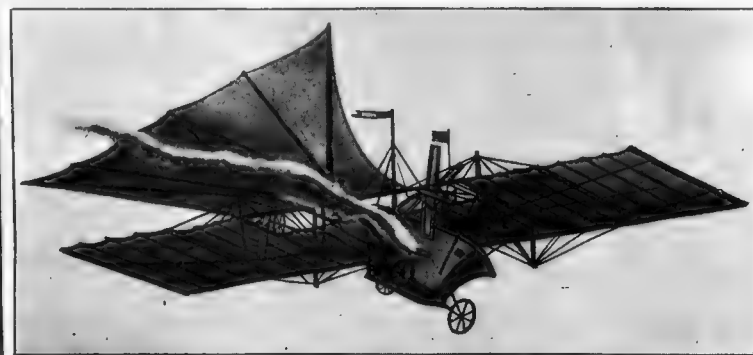


4 Forty or Fifty Centuries Ago It Occurred to Man That Animals Could Be Tamed and Used as Beasts of Burden, and This Primitive Method, as Pictured Above, is Still in Use in the Himalaya Mountains.



6 It Was Not Until the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries That the Passenger Stage Coach Was Developed, and Meanwhile Ocean-Going Ships Had Become Larger and Safer.

(Illustration of the Science Museum, London.)



9 The Steam-Powered Airplane of Springfellow and Hanson, Which Actually Succeeded in Leaving the Ground in 1842. Plans Were Not Practical, However, Until the Lighter Gasoline Engine Was Perfected.



5 Following the Successful Trial of George Stephenson's Famous Locomotive, Fifteen Miles an Hour.

that an organized system of roads, dictated by military necessity, came into being. Thus war, though abhorrent in itself, played an early and important part in the development of civilization. It hastened the development of means of transport, spread classic culture just as it widened the swath of the Roman sword. Many centuries later war was to hasten the development of another medium of transport—the airplane—for it was the grim necessities of the world conflict that brought on our present era of progress in flight.

The Romans had wheeled vehicles for many purposes, military, commercial and ceremonial. The dray shown in Picture No. 5 above was not unlike many that still survive for various pur-

poses in America today. The scene depicts a Roman seaport of about 200 A. D., and the long-shoremen are at work loading their wagon with a cargo that has been lightened in from the merchant ship anchored in the stream. For communication with outlying provinces, the Roman Empire relied heavily on sea transport across the Mediterranean. The Roman boat builders improved on the work of their predecessors by perfecting the second sail set forward on the bowsprit, or "artemon," of the merchant ship as seen in the picture. This was an important advance in navigation, because hitherto all sailing ships had had to depend upon oarsmen when proceeding against an adverse wind. The bowsprit, or artemon, sail made it possible for Roman ships to make some headway sailing into the wind, and made them almost independent of oars. Vessels of this type were engaged in the ocean trade between Roman and other Mediterranean seaports and were capable of carrying a grain cargo, for instance, of 250 tons. War vessels of the period, however, still clung to the traditional oars, which were manned by galley-slaves who were usually prisoners of war. A light war galley of the period is seen in the distance.

Pictorial History of the Progress of Man From the Early Days, When He Used His Back and His Own Hind Legs, Down to the Railway Train, the Automobile and the Airplane

From Roman times to the end of the Fifteenth Century in Europe there is a gap in the history of transport—the darkness of the Middle Ages intervened and there was no progress by land or sea.

For ten centuries after the collapse of the Roman Empire civilization was in process of rebuilding itself. Because of the barbarians who overwhelmed Rome a great part of Roman knowledge and mechanical skill had been lost, and while the extent of transport had been widened its means had not been improved. The splendid Roman roads had fallen into disuse and the wretched country byways that remained were impassable by any means except by pack animals. The pillion seat and saddle were used by travelers, and only in the streets of cities and towns could wheeled vehicles be used.

Scarcely any progress was made in shipbuilding, and, in fact, the medieval sailing ship of Europe was inferior to that of the Romans, for it had only a single square sail and could proceed only before the wind. All knowledge of the artemon with its sail forward had been lost.

It was only with the Renaissance that the science of navigation began to make progress, and land transport also was to some extent improved. Toward the end of the fifteenth century the three-masted ship was introduced, a vessel that was able to sail against the adverse wind, and it was to this improvement that the world owed the discovery of America and the voyages of Vasco da Gama.

By land there was small progress in transport until the Seventeenth Century, when stage coaches came into service in England. There had been stage wagons in the previous century, but they were only crude vehicles without springs which crawled over rutty roads at a speed scarcely greater than three miles an hour. With the introduction of the stage coach, about the middle of the Seventeenth Century, the pillion seat and saddle began to pass out as methods of "getting there."

Picture No. 6 above represents a typical stage coach of the period 1780-1790 in England and also depicts the sailing vessels of the time. The ships shown in this picture represent the finest types of English merchantmen and ships of war that were in use toward the end of the Eighteenth Century. The big square-rigged ship in the foreground is an East Indiaman, the predecessor of the American clipper ship which before many years was to eclipse it in speed. These merchantmen in many details of development were ahead of warships.

Picture No. 7 in the Science Museum series denotes a period when tremendous progress was being made in the development of the medium of transport. It represents a meeting at the cross-roads of the old stage coach of England and the first horseless carriage, a steam-driven coach. The beginning of the Nineteenth Century saw the dawn of the machine age, and the mechanization of transport went forward rapidly from that time on. The steam engine, which had been undergoing slow development for many years, became practicable under the inventive

skill of James Watts, and by 1803 a steam carriage had been perfected that would travel faster than any horse-drawn vehicle. By 1830 a regular steam carriage service was being conducted between Gloucester and Cheltenham in England. Meanwhile experiments had been made also with steam-driven vehicles on a rigid and confined track. The idea of the track itself was not new, for it had been used for 200 years as a means of improving horse-drawn vehicle service. It was not until the famous Rainhill trials of George Stephenson's "Rocket," in 1825, that the full possibilities of the steam locomotive began to be recognized, as shown in Picture No. 8.

It was about the same time, the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, that the use of steam power was successfully applied to the propulsion of a ship, and in 1838 steamers began to cross the Atlantic regularly. By slow degrees thereafter, sailing vessels of an earlier era went the way of the stage coach which steam had put out of business on land. There are a few sailing vessels left on the seven seas today, but their importance is negligible.

Another primitive vehicle of the early machine age, the forerunner of the bicycle, motorcycle and automobile of today, is visualized in Picture No. 7. It is the hobby horse, a bicycle without chain or pedals, which commanded a brief vogue among the traveling gentlemen of pre-Victorian days. The idea of the hobby horse was that you could propel it with your feet for a certain distance, then raise your feet to a rest and coast merrily. It was somewhat later before the bicycle with its pedals, chain and sprocket was perfected.

Not many years after train and ocean going ships were in regular use with steam propulsion, an attempt was made to apply the new engine to a flying machine. The world's first airplane "flight" occurred really some sixty years before the Wright Brothers flew in their airplane at Kitty Hawk—that is, if a rising into the air by a flying machine could be properly called a flight. In 1842 two Englishmen named Springfellow and Hanson built a model, shown in Picture No. 9 on this page, which closely resembled some of the modern monoplanes. It was driven by a one-cylinder steam engine and they actually succeeded in getting it into the air, but that was all. Because of lack of funds they were unable to continue with their experiments. Ten years later a Frenchman, Henri Giffard, constructed an elongated balloon and suspended beneath it a small 3-horse-power steam engine driving an airscrew. Like the steam plane, it was unsuccessful.

It was not until the perfection of the internal combustion gasoline engine, which made possible the modern automobile and airplane, that man finally flew. The Wright brothers, Wilbur and Orville, on December 17, 1903, took the air from the lonely wastes of Kitty Hawk, on the North Carolina coast, and flew for a distance of one hundred and twenty feet. It was the year 1 in the calendar of transport by air.

Today the airplane has developed into man's most effective and modern weapon in his constant conflict with Time and Space. It has already begun to work radical changes in this country's business and social habits, just as each successive medium of transport, from Indian runner to pony express to stage coach to train to automobile, has been followed by a widening of trade areas, increased travel and a shifting of established methods and habits. Will the future of transport include journeys to the planets?

England Perplexed by Its African Fire-Walkers

Missionaries Complain of Wholesale "Back-Sliding" Among Their Converts, After Seeing Followers of the Hindu Fire God Tread on Hot Coals and Stick Hooks in Themselves Without Pain, and So Point the Way to Escape Punishment in the Hereafter



The Kavadi, or Fire God, Who Is Supposed to Protect Its Devotees, Being Carried Around the Fire Pit.

CAPE TOWN, July 15. MISSIONARIES in Durban, Natal, South Africa, up to quite recently had made a splendid record of conversions. They were highly elated at the results of their labors. They gave some of the credit to the British Government, which had established a splendid system of government schools. Practically every Natal Hindu—there are about 150,000 Indians in Durban, most of them immigrants from India, and their native tongue—was able, by means of the school, to speak English as well as his own.

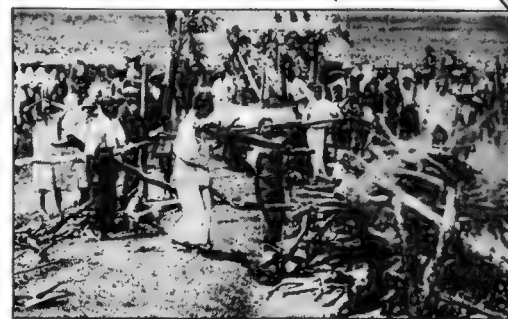
They told the natives about the devil whose imps stabbed the bodies of the sinful with pitchforks, and of the everlasting fire in which is roasted the soul of the unrepentant. For a while they got splendid results; then a wholesale backsliding became painfully evident. They investigated into the causes and made startling discoveries indeed.

First of a peculiar Hindu cult which specializes in fire walking and other curious practices which would be the death of an ordinary man had he invaded Natal with their Kavadi, or idol.

They had gone through a system of religious training which robbed the place of punishment of all its terrors. Did Satan's many imps stab with pitchforks? Well, they could then walk through their pitchforks, through their chests, arms and legs, through their tongues and do so without a demonstration of pain, or without permanent ill results. They could laugh at that part of punishment.



One of the Soutris Walking Over the White-Hot Charcoal. It Will Be Seen That One Foot Has Sunk Deep Into the Embers.



Making the Fire, in Which Six Tons of Logs Were Reduced to White-Hot Charcoal, Over Which the Devotees of the Fire God Walked Without Harm, and Thereby So Removed the Terror of "the Hereafter" From Converts That an Epidemic of "Back-Sliding" Took Place.

was a huge pile of dry branches and logs which had been transported thither on six lorries. There were fully six tons of fuel in the stack. This had been set ablaze and was crackling merrily. Missionaries who took their stand in the vicinity were driven off by the fierce heat of the flames as they leaped up in the breeze. Meanwhile hundreds of Indian women in their gay-colored saris began to arrive on the scene. As they passed by the images of the three Brahman deities, Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva, they deposited nearby gifts of cereals, fruits and other offerings.

The crowd, which soon reached huge proportions, was worked up to a high pitch of religious frenzy. The fervor was greater, more hysterical, than at any of the Christian revivals ever held in Natal. The noise of the crowd was a signal that the Soutris, or fire walkers, were nearing the completion of the

preparation and ritual they had been undergoing at the hands of the priests in the mosque before passing through the fiery ordeal.

In a short time, headed by a band of ten Indians performing wild and mournful music on reed pipes, the Soutris came into view. There were nine men of varying ages and a woman who might have been about 60, and who had snow-white hair. This was her tenth time in the ceremony of Thermeshe, and the onlookers accorded her not a little reverence. Some of the men had undergone the test on previous occasions. Others were making their first attempt. All of the men were literally plastered all over their backs and chests with small silver hooks which had been inserted by their priests and from which descended small brass weights of about an ounce each.

knitting needle. In each case the tongue was pierced about an inch from its tip. There was no sign of blood on them.

The Kavadi, or fire god, who is supposed to protect its devotees, is carried around the fire pit. Meanwhile the burning wood had become a sizzling mass of white-hot charcoal, which willing workers, with the aid of long-handled rakes, had spread out over a space of some fifteen feet square and some two to three inches deep. The embers were white-hot and gave off terrific heat. The Soutris took up a position within the enclosure in which the fire was burning. After circling around the enclosure for a few minutes, they all drew nearer and nearer to the fire zone, and, reaching a certain point, each one, without the slightest sign of hesitation or fear, proceeded to walk through the glowing embers. No undue haste was

made. As a matter of fact, allowing for their feet sinking to a certain extent in the burning charcoal, their gait was no different to what it might have been had they been strolling along a pavement. One of the men returned to the starting point, and, awaiting his turn, walked through the fire a second time.

At the conclusion all the Soutris proceeded, as if nothing had happened, to the outer entrance of the mosque, accompanied, at the request of the high priest, by the party of physicians, who there and then made a critical examination of their feet. Except that the hair on their legs had been singed by the heat, in no case, after the adhering ash had been brushed off, was there a sign of blister or burn.

Ready hands removed the hooks and skewers. It was apparent the hooks and skewers, yet no blood flowed.

So, after this, what had any Indian to fear from Satan and his laboratory? Skeptics who visited the scene were unable to prattle there was any fakery about any phase of the ceremony. They were within a few feet of the actual fire, so close as the intense heat would let them come, and they all made sure that no footwear of any description was used by the Soutris, nor, as far as they were able to discover, had their feet been anointed with any visible preparation. A possible explanation occurred to them that was very thin indeed. The Soutris they found no such thing as the feet might have been used. But when they examined the feet of the Soutris they found no such thing. How could the terror of Hades be injected into the minds of people who

The Foot of the Fire Walker Photographed Within Three Minutes After Having Gone Through the Fire. It Bears No Sign of Burns or Blisters and Was Examined by Three Prominent European Doctors Who Were Unable to Explain Why the Foot Had Suffered No Harm.

were able thus to lacerate their flesh and walk through fire? The missionaries have asked the government to put a stop to the fire-walking ceremony. It is not the policy of the British Government to interfere with the religious practices of the people in its domain unless such practices be proved in violation of public policy. No proof has been furnished that the order of the Soutris results in permanent disability or injury.

The standpoint of the government, as expressed to the missionaries, is this: "We can't stop it with law. If it can be stopped at all it must be stopped by yourselves, through education."

As a matter of fact, the fire-walking ceremony is practiced by members of various cults throughout the world. It was until quite recently a common rite in Tahiti. According to accounts, the Tahiti ceremony was conducted in this way:

"A pit was dug in which large stones were heated red hot by a fire which had been burning for many hours. The upper stones were pushed away just before the ceremony so as to leave the lower stones to tread upon. Six natives, wearing crowns of flowers and wreaths of garlands, appeared upon the scene. They bore poles nearly fifteen feet long, ostensibly to be used in toppling over the upper stones. The poles were presumed to be long enough to protect them from the heat which radiated from the pile.

The fire-walker, tall, dignified and flower-crowned, appeared with naked feet and a large bush of fl leaves in his hands. After going partly around the fire each way altering what seemed to be commands to it, he went back, and, holding the stone, leaped him with the fl leaves, advanced steadily over the central ridge of the pile, followed by two others. The leader then turned and led the way back, this time with several new disciples. A third and fourth time he crossed, each time with a larger following.

In Auckland, New Zealand, the Fijis have a fire-walking ceremony similar to the Tahiti spectacle. In a pit about twelve feet in diameter and three feet deep a fire is lighted on which are placed stones which grow to be white-hot. Over the stones the natives stroll leisurely, and, after chanting a hymn, the fire-walkers advance to the hot stones and squat down on them. The ceremony here is said to be a curious survival of ancient customs.

There are fire-walkers also in Sijar, Mesopotamia, among a sect called the Yade. Unlike the Natal Indians, the Tahitians and the Fijis, the ordeal in this case is not accompanied by great pain. A traveler who witnessed the ceremony gave this description of it:

"The Yade, being devil-worshippers, profess to accomplish their fire ordeal through the help of the powers of evil. A fanatic stands before a brazier waiting to pour the molten metal. Beside him a priest exhorts him with wild chants and assures him that when he stepped upon the hot coals he would be bathed in cool air sent to him by the devil. The moment that his feet touched the hot coals the face of the devotee contracted with agony, but for three or four minutes he remained there apparently in a state of catatony. At the end of the ordeal he was carried away, his feet cruelly burned."

When this case in Natal steps might be taken by the government to stop the practice. But the Natal fire-walkers, exhibiting their feet after each ordeal, show no signs of any damage, nor do they appear to suffer from the continued practice.

Last night she sat alone, forlorn and nursed a pesky painful corn



Tonight a diff'rent girl is she . . . for BLUE-JAY stopped that agony



THERE are two things to do for a corn . . . stay home and suffer—or apply a Blue-jay Corn Plaster. Wise millions prefer the latter!

Blue-jay is not the usual sort of corn plaster. It is the 2-way corn plaster. It protects as it removes.

Most corn plasters merely cover the corn. But Blue-jay is scientifically medicated—it removes the corn, core and all!

Glance at the diagram. Note first, the soft felt ring that circles the corn and ends agonizing shoe pressure. It makes you comfortable—let's you "go places"—before the corn is gone!

Then notice the medicated center. That goes right to the tender spot—deadens the pain and loosens the corn. The third night, usually, out comes the core.

And, last, notice the shaped-to-fit adhesive strip that holds Blue-jay snugly in place while the scientific medication is at work.

That is Blue-jay, the safe, reliable, medicated corn plaster—effective with soft corns or hard—made by Bauer & Black, noted manufacturer of highest-quality surgical dressings.

Depend on Blue-jay. Don't suffer corn torment. But—don't risk infection from cutting corns with a knife or using harsh "quick cures."

Today—go to your druggist and get a box of Blue-jay Corn Plasters. Only 25c—pay no more for a corn remedy. Tonight, put one on. Tomorrow, be glad!

Other Blue-jay Products: Do you know Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters? And Blue-jay Foot Powder, cooling and soothing to chafed, aching feet? And Blue-jay Protect-O-Pads, to protect sensitive spots and prevent corns? And Liquid Blue-jay, for those who prefer a liquid corn-remover? Your druggist sells these members of the famous Blue-jay family of foot-relievers.



ASK FOR
HANDI-TAPE, too

Handi-Tape is the ready-made bandage—easy, instant first-aid for little cuts, scratches, blisters, and burns. Ventilated adhesive strip carries antiseptic pad of borated or mercurachrome gauze. Protects against infection, helps healing. It's another Bauer & Black specialty. At your druggist's—twenty-five cents a boxful.

BLUE-JAY
CORN PLASTERS
© 1932, by The Kendall Company
BAUER & BLACK
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Free!

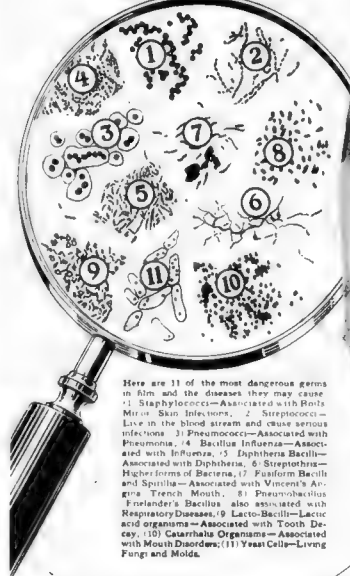
This authoritative booklet tells what causes common foot ills—how to prevent them, how to treat them, how to save yourself needless pain, inconvenience, and loss of efficiency. Send for your copy. Mail this coupon to Bauer & Black, 2300 South Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

(Continued on Page 18)

Science Finds 11 Different Germs on Teeth!

Curious organisms live on your teeth; now science connects them with tooth decay, gum disorders and many other ills; how these "unfriendly" germs are glued to teeth by an almost invisible film called mucin plaque.



Here are 11 of the most dangerous germs in film and the diseases they may cause: 1. Staphylococci—Associated with Boils, Minor Skin Infections. 2. Streptococci—Live in the blood stream and cause serious infections. 3. Pneumococci—Associated with Pneumonia. 4. Bacillus Influenzae—Associated with Influenza. 5. Diphtheria Bacilli—Associated with Diphtheria. 6. Streptococci—Higher forms of Bacteria. 7. Platform Bacilli and Spillula—Associated with Vincent's Angina, Trench Mouth. 8. Pneumobacillus Friedlander's Bacillus also associated with Respiratory Diseases. 9. Lacto-Bacilli—Lactic acid organisms—Associated with Tooth Decay. 10. Catarrhal Organisms—Associated with Mouth Disorders. 11. Yeast Cells—Living Fungus and Molds.

THE age-old question of theologians which asked "How many angels can stand on the point of a needle?" has now been changed.

"How many germs can be found on the end of a used tooth pick?"

Bacteriologists answered this question for us. When placed under powerful microscopes and stained by various chemical dyes which reveal the different types of germs contained in it, a scraping of the mucin plaque or film-coat from a normal tooth revealed the presence of scores of different germs, not all of them harmful to the teeth, but germs nevertheless. At least 11 of them are very dangerous germs. By computing the exposed surface of a single human tooth that is covered with the film, scientists recently estimated that at least 1,000,000 such germs may live comfortably, thrive and multiply on just one single tooth. Among the types of bacteria found on a normal looking tooth were:

Staphylococci, the pus producing organisms usually found in abscesses of the teeth, which, when they get into the human system may cause various infections in distant parts of the body.

Streptococci, the germs to which medical science attributes the majority of cases of septic sore throat, and which are believed to cause, when they have wandered and located in the heart, certain types of heart disease.

Parameceti, the germs associated with pneumonia, one of the most dreaded of human ills.

Diphtheria organisms, or bacilli which, as a rule, make their home in tonsil crypts and fissures, and often wander via the saliva to the mucilage-like film on the teeth. They produce powerful poisons that paralyze the muscles and attack the heart.

Platform bacilli and spillula, the germs that cause the dread infection known as Trench Mouth, or Vincent's Angina—and similar infections.

Lactobacilli, which many of the leading dental authorities believe are the actual organisms that cause dental decay by forming acids that rob the teeth of their lime, much in the same manner that other acids eat holes into wood and cloth.

The human mouth may well be compared with Ellis Island, into which enter

Destruction of bony sockets due to long tarner deposits.

Upper jaw bone.

Vincent's infection—trench mouth—white spots on gums represent dead tissues.

The human grinding machine is more complicated than any invention of man—and it too must receive attention

thousands and thousands of immigrants from many countries, mingling with each other. Strangely enough though the mouth harbors many millions of organisms the different families are relatively limited. Two of the most commonly found are associated with pyorrhea.

Many of these germs may not directly attack the tooth structure, like the *Lactobacilli* associated with tooth decay, but they do cause unpleasant results. Instead of taking lime salts out of the teeth, they form lime deposits, called gingival calculi by the dentists and generally referred to as "tartar" by the public.

Recently a prominent English research worker pointed out that if saliva is exposed to the air for a short time and carbon dioxide escapes from it, a thin film of common chalk forms and hardens on the surface of the teeth. But unfortunately this surface film is of no real protection to the teeth as it does not enter into the tooth structure but merely forms hard scales on their surface. This scale irritates the gums, makes them bleed when brushed and may in time cause serious trouble unless removed periodically by your dentist. Hence the famous radio warning "See your dentist twice a year." The British scientist further explains that when the bacteria in the mouth decompose particles of food,

ammonia is produced and thus a condition favorable for scale formation on the teeth occurs.

In addition this decomposition gives rise to noxious smelling gases, or, more plainly stated, bad breath, *halitosis*.

Removal of film has therefore become an important problem for dental science. One of the most notable discoveries in this field was made recently in the laboratories of the *Pepsodent* Company when a new and revolutionary cleansing material was developed. The cleansing and polishing material is the part of any toothpaste that does the work.

Herein lies the difference between the best toothpaste and inferior brands. Most cleansing materials are either so hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel and provide crevices where germs may lodge or else they are so soft that they fail to remove film and stains. To develop a material that would outlast others both in effectiveness and in safety was like looking for a fuel that would cool a room as it burned. Several years were spent in this seemingly hopeless quest during which the ablest scientific minds in the country were consulted repeatedly. Finally



The \$100,000 smiles in the movies are the result of perfect, healthy teeth.

Arteries and veins.

Roots of teeth.

Erosions or areas where enamel has disappeared.

Pyorrhea pockets and receding gums.

Film stains.

Abscess due to decay.



One of the latest achievements in fighting tooth and gum troubles is the scientific formula known as *Pepsodent* Tooth Paste.

cause it is twice as soft as the material most commonly used, *Pepsodent* is looked upon as the modern standard of safety. At the same time this new material stands unique in its power to cleanse and polish teeth. Today *Pepsodent* is known as the

special "film-removing" toothpaste and the definition can hardly be disputed in the light of recent conclusive tests made by the leading research laboratories throughout the country.

Free Amos 'n' Andy or Goldberg Jig-saw Puzzles



Why the Eskimo never had decayed teeth until the arrival of civilized man is one of science's problems.

The problem was solved with a process so involved that over 68 separate chemicals are made daily to control the various steps in the manufacture of this new cleansing material.

This new discovery is contained in *Pepsodent* Toothpaste exclusively and be-

THE never-ending demand of the public for souvenirs from its favorite radio artists is being met by the *Pepsodent* Company with two unique gifts which have just been conceived.

These gifts are designed after the popular jig-saw puzzle which has America in its clutches, and it not only requires considerable patience to put them together, but the successful are rewarded with a hearty laugh.

The first pictures one of the high spots in the lives of Amos and Andy and includes several of the leading characters. The situation has been created according to the conception of a popular artist who is also an Amos and Andy fan and has succeeded in capturing the true spirit of the situation. This is the first time that America's best loved radio entertainers have been offered the public in a jig-saw puzzle and it will appeal to youngsters and adults alike.



Your choice of "The Goldbergs" or "Amos 'n' Andy"

talented writers and stars. Each jig-saw puzzle contains 60 pieces, is printed on heavy board and brightly illustrated in 4 colors. Each will be sent to anyone who writes his name and address on the inside of an empty *Pepsodent* Toothpaste or *Pepsodent* Antiseptic box and mails it, send one empty box for each puzzle and be sure to name the one you want. Mail to the *Pepsodent* Co., 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

London Treasure

By Roy Vickers

(Continued from Page 15)

"I've located you, Mr. Chan-
net. Assuming that you wish to
make a charge against the people
who kidnaped you, I can send a
police car to fetch you. You can
then give us details."

Ronald expressed his thanks
and set himself at wait.
He was hungry, but his chief
preoccupation was his bristly chin.
He was still dazed by the turn
of events, part of his brain still re-
fused to accept the fact that he
had been hoaxed.

"Evidently they wanted the
truck," he concluded. "But with
one man only—myself—why
didn't they use a sandbag or a
bullet instead of this elaborately
staged stunt? Somehow or other
they must have got hold of this
empty house, furnished and with
a telephone—they must have
fixed that plate on some time yester-
day and—"

His ruminations were cut short
by footsteps in the passage. The
door of the office was opened by
a man dressed more or less like a
gamekeeper. Behind him was the
rustle to whom Ronald had
spoken.

"What might you be a-doing in
here, sir?" asked the man, in none
too friendly tones.
"I was brought here last night
as a practical joke. The jokers
pretended they were policemen
and that I was a thief and that
this was the villain police station."
he explained laboriously.

"Who are you by the way?"
"I'm Ron Ronald, and I've a right to know the rights of this
house, the defendant answer."

"Well, you've got the right of
it now," said Ronald irritably as
he dropped into the upholstered
armchair.

"Do you expect me to believe
that?" demanded the agent.

"Confound it! Believe what
you like! You can believe I crept
in here to get a free night's lodg-
ing if you find it easier."

"Seems to me that's just about
the size of it."

As he spoke the agent was
fumbling with the key. He sud-
denly slammed the door and
locked it on the outside.

"Look over the doorway as you
go out," shouted Ronald.

He heard the heavy footsteps
pass on the outer threshold.

"But it there himself, like as
not" was all that the rustic mind
could make of it.

Some ten minutes later the
agent reappeared with the village
constable. The situation might
have become complicated but for
the timely arrival of the police
car from Leves.

At Leves he insisted on being
allowed to get a shave and buy
a clean collar before presenting
himself at the station.

The chief superintendent, the
owner of the authorities' voice,
listened to his account and asked
him innumerable questions but
gave him no information in re-
turn.

The interview had finished and
Ronald was leaving when the su-
perintendent turned back to one
of his notes and said:

"Let me see if I have got this
quite right, Mr. Chan-net. There
were three trucks standing by the
digging party who were working
with flood lights. These trucks
were empty. There was only one
full one—or nearly full—the one
you got hold of. No others?"

"No."

"You're quite sure of that?"
"I had a pretty good look
round in my wanderings. I am
certain there was no other truck
anywhere near the tarmac
where the real digging was going
on."

The superintendent nodded.
There was an exchange of thanks
and compliments and Ronald hur-
ried away to catch the train to
London.

In the train on the way up he
found his thoughts roaming over
all that was known and believed
about the Callater treasure. It
all rested on old Callater's state-
ment. And at his trial Callater
had stated that he owned con-
siderably more than five million
dollars in bar-gold.

Ronald knew something about
bar-gold, having once been
briefed in a small way by a
dispute with a foreign bank. Un-
like most of the population he
had seen and handled gold-bars,
had watched one being weighed,
had seen it turn the scale at four
hundred ounces.

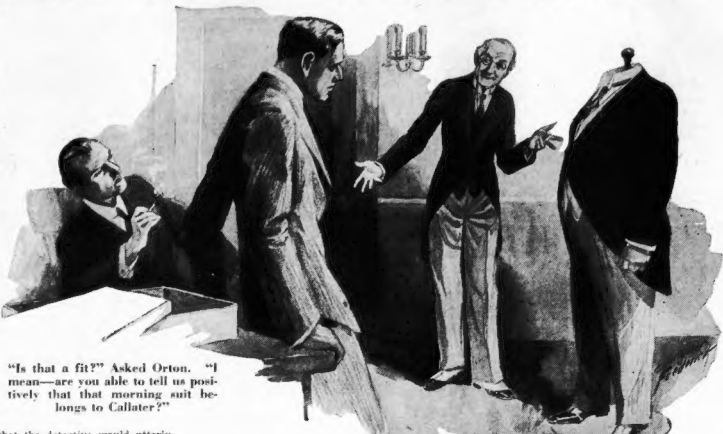
"What did he mean by more
than five million? Call it five or
six million. Him?"

He knew by heart that the
money value of one gold bar was
approximately \$77.75.

"Seven thousand seven hun-
dred and seventy-five into six
million. Him? Round about
eight hundred. Eight hundred
gold-bars would weigh some-
where about eight tons. And
that truck would be overloaded."

There were twenty-three boxes.
I shifted half a dozen and bet
not on of them weighed four
hundred ounces."

In short, he came to the con-
clusion that, whatever else the
dead-boxes contained, they could
not have contained bar-gold—and
he was all agog to impart the
information to Detective In-
spector Orton, little suspecting



"Is that a fit?" Asked Orton. "I
mean—are you able to tell us pos-
itively that that morning suit be-
longed to Callater?"

that the detective would utterly
decline to believe him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Otton Has Visitors.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR
ORTON was having a very
busy morning.

Conflicting reports, one after
another, of the affair at the
Laurels had reached him every
half hour. Then, too, there were
press reports, shown to him by
special favor before publication,
which seemed to him to come
nearest to what had actually
happened.

His luncheon hour had been
cut short by the fact that at a
quarter past two he had an ap-
pointment with the representa-
tive of a leading firm of West
End tailors, while at two his
chief, who lunched early and in
frugal style, had demanded a spe-
cial interview.

For a time the chief discussed
the Callater case in general
terms, then abruptly came to
his point.

"What do you think we're go-
ing to do about Malmsbury?"

"It's very difficult, sir. He
knows every move in the game."

"Yes," said the Chief thought-
fully. "But there's too much
funny business. I'm not sure he
hasn't over-reached himself this
time. Harboring Callater in his
house disguised as a housekeeper
is over-reaching himself to my
mind. It's a wonder Hendrick
didn't spot him. He actually had
him in the room and talked to
him."

"Of course we're not absolutely
positive yet, sir. We don't
know that the man Chan-net saw
was really Callater. I don't think
Chan-net could swear to it him-
self. He never met Callater till
he saw him in court."

"Yes, but his evidence that
Callater was in the room is
positive."

"It may, sir. As a matter of
fact I've sent for an assistant
from Callater's tailor. He's in
the waiting room at the moment.
He's brought a dummy with him
and I'm getting him to try on
the clothes to see if they really
suit him."

"Good man! Have him up to
your room and I'll come, too."

The assistant, an apologetic
elderly cuffer, was accompanied
by a porter carrying two enor-
mous but apparently very light
cardboard boxes.

Orton and the Chief watched
with mild curiosity as the porter
took out of one box a likeness of
the upper part of the human
form—minus the head—and
stuck it on a pedestal which was
made to revolve. From the other
box he took a likeness of the
lower part of the human form.
This was capable of standing up
without a pedestal. It was fitted
with a pair of patent leather
boots, that maintained the illusion
of enveloping feet.

"This is Mr. Callater, sir," pro-
nounced the cuffer, addressing
the two men. "He is the most
important person."

"What's the idea of this ap-
paratus?" asked the Chief. He
was not himself in the habit of
patronizing ultra-fashionable
tailors.

"It is to save the gentleman
the trouble of a fitting, sir," was
the answer. "The gentleman just
telephone—or tells his valet to
do so—and we proceed to build
his—requirements."

Orton put a bulky brown paper
parcel on the table.

"Try those clothes on the
dummy, will you, please."

There followed operations of
an almost surgical nature, during
which Orton asked:

"What happens if a man's fig-
ure changes a bit between suits?"

"The fitter seemed a little hurt
by the question."

"Gentlemen of the—class
of our clients, sir, are for the
most part in the habit of weigh-
ing themselves at the time of the
fitting."

"The gentleman just telephoned
—or tells his valet to do so—
and we proceed to build his—
requirements."

Orton put a bulky brown paper
parcel on the table.

"Try those clothes on the
dummy, will you, please."

the gentleman comes to us and
we make a new model. There
you are, gentlemen."

The dressed model had an odd-
ly lifelike appearance in the
morning clothes.

"Is that a fit?" asked Orton.
"I mean—are you able to tell us pos-
itively that that morning suit be-
longed to Callater?"

The suit has been badly kept,
sir—but, making the necessary
allowances on that account, this
fit is still perfect."

Orton caught the Chief's eye
and looked away. He thanked
the fitter and said he would
trouble him no further.

The Chief spoke as soon as
they were alone.

"Satisfactory—though, of
course, it's only collateral evi-
dence. The suit worn by the man
who talked to Chan-net is Cal-
later's. Seems to me you hardly
needed it when you've got a good
many much stronger lines. You've
got the fact that Malmsbury's
supposed housekeeper entered his
service the day after Callater
was shot."

"Yes, sir," said Orton aben-
tly. "Did you notice what the
fitter said about what happens
when his 'gentleman' loses a
quarter of a pound in weight?"

As he spoke Orton went to his
desk and turned over a dossier.

"They make a new model. A
trick I should say, for swelling a
rich fool's expenses. A quarter
of a pound—"

"Yes, sir. But they weight
them in Dartmoor, too—every
month. Callater lost—just a mo-
ment, sir—ah, here it is. Yes;
Callater lost over two stones in
Dartmoor. He weighed six-
teen when he went in. At the
last weighing, which was a week
before he died, he turned the
scales at thirteen twelve and a
half."

For a moment the Chief looked
blank.

"It?" he demanded.

"Those clothes may have fitted
Callater a year ago, sir. But to-
day they would be so much that
he'd look funny in them and a
man like Chan-net would have
been sure to notice it."

The Chief went over to Orton's
chair, sat down and put up again.
That's subtle, Orton. And as
I've told you before, it's a great
trick. The simplest way to find out
whether Callater is posing as that
housekeeper is to find the house-
keeper. When you've found her
you can make her jump on the
scales—if there's no other way
of making sure whether she's a man
or a woman."

A friendly smile took the sting
out of the Chief's sarcasm.

"Callater has certainly made
us bite over it once or twice, sir,"
he admitted.

"Simply because you hap-
pen to be a clever man and can
out-bribe that Callater. He's really
a fool. Take the funny business
about the so-called treasure."

"If it's a lie, he's a fool to ev-
er use it to believe it. And if it
happens to be the truth, he's a
still greater fool. How the dickens
could a man in his present posi-
tion handle bar-gold? You can't
cart the stuff about in a taxi and
buy goods with it, you can't board
a steamship passage with it, you
can't do anything with it except
negotiate it through the Bank."

The Chief had delivered his
parade only and was going.

"All the same, sir," protested
Orton. "I think Winterbone
was telling the truth this morn-
ing."

"That may be. But don't mix
up his statements with his the-
ories. He told you that he had
 dug something over eight hun-
dred boxes out of the ground
without opening one of them. He
told you that the boxes were
 seized by gunmen and that he be-
 lieved the gunmen to be Cal-
 later's gang. I wouldn't spend too
 much time on this treasure busi-
 ness, Orton. Our job is to catch
 Callater. It ought to be easier

now he's trailing his daughter
about with him.
Orton went to his desk and sat
down.

"I shall have to break it gently
to Chan-net about Miss Callater's
disappearance. He'll be here at
any minute now."

A few minutes later he was
announced.

When Ronald was shown into
Detective Inspector Orton's room
the two men greeted each other
like old friends.

Any general suspicion that
Orton might once have entertain-
ed had been dispelled. While he
still took it for granted that
Chan-net was his daughter's
daughter's sake, deliberately

hand Callater over if ever he had
the chance to do so. As there
seemed to be no possibility of his
having the chance to do so, there
was no real complication.

"I say, what really has hap-
pened?" he asked breathlessly. "I
expect you know everything by
now."

"In the one who generally
does the questioning—in this
room," laughed Orton. "Also,
strictly speaking, we are not sup-
posed to take the public into our
confidence until the end of a
case."

"Don't be starchy!" urged
Ronald, dropping into a chair.
"And besides I'm not the pub-
lic. If you don't make me an
honorary member of the Yard
after last night's work you're no
gratuité."

Orton offered a cigarette
which was accepted and then,
dropping his light tone, frowned
and began to toy with his inevi-
table pencil.

"As a matter of fact, if I were
to tell you everything I know, it
would amount to very little," he
announced. "I've been in touch
with Leves since you left them.
They told me they'd seen you
and had told you how your leg
had been pulled. I dare say they
added that your enterprising lit-
tle friends got clean away."

"They told me nothing—except
that their fellows had been suc-
cessfully bluffed. That's what
beats me. Surely one local po-
liceman can't be bluffed by a
craze who is pretending to be
another local policeman?"

"Nothing is easier," replied
Orton, with perhaps a touch of
departmental jealousy. "Local
police areas are defined clearly
enough on the map. But in ac-
tual practice there's always doubt
and dispute as to territory—and
naturally in a big county like

Sussex they don't all know each
other. The curious part of the
stunt, whatever it is, is that there
were some genuine police there.
There can be no doubt whatever
that they were genuine police
who held up your truck in the
first instance and chased the two
fellows who were in front."

"There were five genuine local
police altogether on the spot—
and there seemed to be at least
as many crooks pretending they
had been drafted in from head-
quarters from another district.
Also, there were three other
trucks, apparently bigger ones
than yours."

"I dare say. Those were the
trucks parked near the lights."

"No. Those that are still
there for all I know. There were
three quite different ones."

Ronald shook his head.
"Did anyone take their num-
bers?" he asked.

"Quite so! I don't believe in
those extra trucks, Orton. I
think it much more probable that
the whole lot are just mine-
mimed up in various people's
minds."

"Possibly," smiled Orton.
"Though I rather doubt it. Any-
how, we shall know for certain in
a day or two. Have you ever
given serious thought to what
they call the Callater treasure?"

A little simple arithmetic
will show that it wouldn't all pack into
one truck."

"I've done the simple arith-
metic," Ronald almost shouted.
"And I knew it wouldn't. That's
one of the many reasons why I'm
perfectly sure it wasn't dug up
last night."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.
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By Roy Vickers.



Again Fear takes its toll!

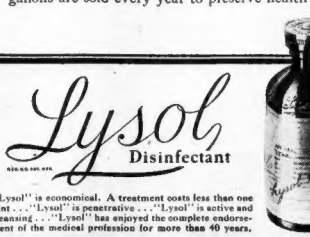
A little fear can grow quickly into a panic. Fear
can make you actually ill! Yet many of the
fears that distress women can be traced to
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Address

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Electricity Follows the Family Outdoors

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE three C's of electricity are Comfort, Convenience and Charm, why not put them to work outdoors as well as within the house? In midsummer and vacation days, the family spends much of its time on the porch, in the garden, backyard, or wherever cool breezes blow. Let electric current follow the family and act as a useful servant, permitting gracious hospitality in the outdoor living room.

Naturally, the radio must move wherever the family fixes its social center. And this can easily be done by a hookup which will permit the radio to be as easily plugged in on the terrace or piazza as it was in the parlor. Young folk will enjoy dancing to the rhythm of the latest rhumba. It is possible to make the connections that the person reclining in the lounge or hammock can at the twist of a finger switch on the button which will bring the harmony of even distant lands to the listeners in the dark. Portable sets can be fitted with a luggage strap and handle which will make their carrying from place to place easy.

It is equally simple for the home handy man to connect up an installation of intercommunicating phones between terrace or garden and the house. The advantage is so many, for, supposing a half dozen unexpected guests come up the walk and drop exhausted into chairs, what

more efficient and convenient idea than to be able instantly to pick up the phone and call the house for a relay of refreshing, tinkling glasses? Such an intercommunicating phone set may be bought complete and requires nothing except the additional annunciator wire and strong dry cell batteries to do the trick. Vice versa, the maid or person in the house can ring those outdoors in case of a message or call at the house, should shouting or making a personal appearance.

Speaking of guests brings up another very practical use of electricity outdoors, and that is an additional electric clock so located as to be easily visible.

Nothing is more common when enjoying sports or conversation, than to lose all track of time and frequently risk the disaster of missing the last train. Daylight saving is deceiving, but with the electric clock plugged in outdoors, there will be no need of last minute frantic dashes. Some wit was unkind enough to say that such an automatic clock could well be called a "guest ejector," but there is just as much sense in having a clock outdoors as in, if anxiety is to be relieved and steps saved. Naturally, such a clock needs protection from the weather which may easily be supplied in the form of

a tin box or overhanging board. The smoker always needing a light will appreciate the convenience of an electric lighter plugged in at a convenient place. Attached to a length of flexible cord, the electric lighter will bring added comfort and eliminate interruptions of "have you got a match?" which so annoyingly break into conversation.

Where a definite outdoor location has been devoted to living room use, there is just as much need for the convenience outlet as in the house. One may provide a double connection at several strategic points, permitting the use of an outdoor bridge lamp, an electric fan, or even an electric lawn device. Afternoon tea on the terrace need not always be partaken in iced form, and there are those who hold that there is nothing like a cup of hot tea to cool one off. A convenient connection on an inconspicuous flexible cord will permit the hostess to plug in her electric tea kettle and dispense cheering hospitality with all the ease of her usual indoor charm. Or, on a chill Summer's evening, nothing may be quite as satisfying as a hot toasted sandwich right from the electric grill. It is just as possible to avail oneself of electric trunks for convenience with the percolator, the toaster, and the sandwich grill used outdoors.

Many a vacationist finds himself Summering in a tiny bungalow or cottage with no regular facilities for heating water quickly. Husbands and sons often complain of the lack of hot water for shaving. There is an electric

gadget for just such a purpose. It quickly slips on to any regular faucet connection and plugs in to a convenience or lamp socket. As the faucet is turned, the water is instantaneously heated and emerges from the tap at a really scalding temperature, if in not too generous amounts. There is also another gadget appreciated by the housewife, who may need a small but very hot amount of water, as for dishwashing. This gadget is to be placed in the dishpan, the plug connected, and in a surprisingly short time a moderate amount of water is heated directly in the pan.

Naturally electricity has moved to the garage. A most convenient form of lighting here is the high powered spot light at the end of a long and flexible cord. Its convenience at night in locating trouble around the auto makes it almost standard equipment for every garage.

To those home owners who take pride in unusual electric installations, we recommend the special hookup necessary to make the latest "electric eye" operate the garage doors as the car enters the drive. Many improvements are constantly being made in this idea of photo-electric relay by means of which garage or other doors are automatically opened. This relay is a device which operates the switch controlling the door opening mechanism. It functions so that as an automobile enters the owner's driveway, the garage doors swing wide, ready to receive the car. Using light for safety, in another of current which will doubtfully will extend in the fu-

ture. Several experts have claimed that no babbles need be stolen if the house is protected by special but simple lighting which would make it impossible for marauders to escape unseen.

A familiar use of current outdoors in connection with Japanese lanterns and other party occasions when strings of small bulbs supply the diffused and colorful illumination. There are special outlets for this purpose, and those interested should inquire into these possibilities. Looking for a house number in an unknown street or district is not a too happy outdoor sport when vines or foliage all too frequently conceal identification. Yet a house number in electric lights is one of the simplest and very inexpensive ways in which to emphasize the dwelling's personality and announce "welcome" to the visitor.

Electricity is not only the servant of utility, but also the handmaiden of beauty! Last, but not least, we must bring the added charm of color and artificial lighting to the garden. Why let the beauties of the perennial border, the pergola, or the rock garden fade with the twilight? They will yield equally lovely decorative effects when viewed under the softening glow of the electric lamp. No need to wait for a moonlight night in order to show off your prize dahlias or gladioli to the evening guests. Touch the switch and instantly, without clapping of hands, you release the Aladdin's genii who will produce a vision of enchanting loveliness—your garden flooded with magic light at night!

A Rich and Delicious Fruit Cake

SPRINKLE $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour over $\frac{1}{4}$ pound shredded lemon peel, $\frac{1}{4}$ pound shredded orange peel, $\frac{1}{4}$ pound candied cherries, $\frac{1}{4}$ pound nut meats, $\frac{1}{4}$ pound sliced dates, $\frac{1}{4}$ pound raisins and $\frac{1}{4}$ pound dried coconut. Mix and sift $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon baking powder. Wash and cream 1 cup butter, add $\frac{1}{4}$

cup sifted sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup honey gradually. Beat in 5 well beaten eggs. Combine with the sifted dry ingredients and 6 tablespoons orange juice, and when well blended pour over the fruit mixture. Mix thoroughly. Line buttered cake pans with buttered paper. Pour the batter lightly into the pan. Place a pan of hot water on the bottom of the oven. Bake the cake at a moderate temperature, or at about 250 degrees, for 4 hours. This quantity makes one 5 pound cake.

American Weekly Patterns



A PRETTY SPORTS MODEL (7620). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 38-inch material.

A POPULAR FROCK FOR SLENDER, YOUTHFUL FIGURES (7648). Designed in 6 sizes: 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19, with corresponding bust measures 20, 21, 23, 25 and 27. Size 15 will require 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 38-inch printed or other material and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of plain material.

A STYLISH MODEL FOR THE LARGER WOMAN WITH SLENDER HIPS (7694). Designed in 6 sizes: 36, 40, 44, 48, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure.

measure, with corresponding hip measure. Size 46 will require 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 38-inch material. The vester of lace will require a piece 10 inches wide by 15 inches long.

A COMFORTABLE DRESS FOR A SMALL GIRL (7641). Designed in 4 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2 and 4 years. Size 2 will require 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 38-inch material.

A PRETTY PARTY DRESS (7687). Designed in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 will require 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 38-inch material.

GIRL'S DRESS (7686). Designed in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of plain material and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material.

CHILD'S PLAY SUIT (7449). Designed by Bureau of Home Economics. Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 3 requires 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 38-inch material.

quies 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 29-inch material. To obtain any two of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 25 cents in coin (SEAL ENVELOPE FLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES), to

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit, Poached Eggs, Buttered Toast, Coffee.	Breakfast Berries, French Omelet, Browned Potatoes, Reheated Rolls, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, Mixed Honeycomb Tips, Sautéed Potatoes, Muffins, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, Boiled Honeycomb Tips, Sautéed Potatoes, Muffins, Coffee.	Breakfast Grapes, Creamed Salt Codfish, Lancet Coffee.	Breakfast Custard, Pogeyers, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Muffins, Coffee.
Luncheon Fried Chicken, Dried Vegetable Salad, Stuffed Tomato Salad, Ice Box Rolls, Fruit Tarts, Iced Tea, Dinner	Luncheon Fried Chicken, Dried Vegetable Salad, Stuffed Tomato Salad, Ice Box Rolls, Fruit Tarts, Iced Tea, Dinner	Luncheon Fried Chicken, Dried Vegetable Salad, Stuffed Tomato Salad, Ice Box Rolls, Fruit Tarts, Iced Tea, Dinner	Luncheon Fried Chicken, Dried Vegetable Salad, Stuffed Tomato Salad, Ice Box Rolls, Fruit Tarts, Iced Tea, Dinner	Luncheon Fried Chicken, Dried Vegetable Salad, Stuffed Tomato Salad, Ice Box Rolls, Fruit Tarts, Iced Tea, Dinner	Luncheon Fried Chicken, Dried Vegetable Salad, Stuffed Tomato Salad, Ice Box Rolls, Fruit Tarts, Iced Tea, Dinner	Luncheon Fried Chicken, Dried Vegetable Salad, Stuffed Tomato Salad, Ice Box Rolls, Fruit Tarts, Iced Tea, Dinner
Dinner Panned Hamsteaks, Steak, Cucumber Salad, French Dressing, Spaghetti, Cakes, Shiraz.	Dinner Panned Hamsteaks, Steak, Cucumber Salad, French Dressing, Spaghetti, Cakes, Shiraz.	Dinner Panned Hamsteaks, Steak, Cucumber Salad, French Dressing, Spaghetti, Cakes, Shiraz.	Dinner Panned Hamsteaks, Steak, Cucumber Salad, French Dressing, Spaghetti, Cakes, Shiraz.	Dinner Panned Hamsteaks, Steak, Cucumber Salad, French Dressing, Spaghetti, Cakes, Shiraz.	Dinner Panned Hamsteaks, Steak, Cucumber Salad, French Dressing, Spaghetti, Cakes, Shiraz.	Dinner Panned Hamsteaks, Steak, Cucumber Salad, French Dressing, Spaghetti, Cakes, Shiraz.

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